THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 30, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

MODERN BUSINESS PRACTICE—By Will Payne

"Hold On!—Wait Till I Get a Light!"

WHEN going away for the summer don't trust to luck (fisherman's luck or any other kind) to get what you want to smoke "on the wing."

Take no long chances that you will find something here or there that will suit.

Half your anticipated pleasure will be spoiled if you make your search for cigars (or pipes, smoking mixtures, or cigarettes) a wild-goose chase.

Disappointments and impositions are never a thing apart from the summer hotel cigar stand.

If on pleasure bent you take to the tall timber, or swing away from the haunts of men in any other direction, the quest for good tobacco becomes more and more hopeless.

Cigars are not like maple syrup and the woodsman's flap-jacks.

Rely on the best agencies of civilization for your smoking—UNITED CIGAR STORES, of course.

Stock up before you start—cigars in your trunk are your safeguard—the last thing to go in, the first to come out.

United Cigar Stores (hundreds of them in all parts of the country) are pretty sure to be found somewhere *on the way*—whether you go to the seashore, the mountains, the big woods or the famous spas. **United Cigar Stores** (operating in forty cities) are *on the beaten paths* wherever you go. **United Cigar Stores** (from Coast to Coast) solve the smoking problem for uncounted numbers of smokers. **United Cigar Stores** (increasing in number all the time) supply anything a smoker wants anywhere he is—cigars, pipes, tobacco, cigarettes, everything. **United Cigar Stores** (as numerous as they are) are not in the heart of the wilderness, nor on the hotel piazzas. **United Cigar Stores** (list of cities now in the chain on this page) therefore should be made note of in your summer plans. **United Cigar Stores** (in your own town, or *en route*) will fit you out for your vacation smoking at any limit of cost.

The ORLANDO CIGAR

Bismarck Size, 10 cents each. Box of 25, $2.50; box of 50, $5.00.
Boston Londres, 4 for 25 cents. Box of 25, $1.50; box of 50, $3.00; box of 100, $6.00.
Media Perfecto size, 3 for 25 cents. Box of 50, $4.00.
Deliciosos size, 3 for 25 cents. Box of 50, $4.00.

This is what is known in the trade as a Domestic cigar. In simple terms it is a piece of goods manufactured exclusively for UNITED CIGAR STORES of carefully-sorted tobacco—the filler of a fine quality of Havana, and the Sumatra wrapper of equal goodness—so combined in the making that it is sure of distinction in a grade that probably more than any other approaches the universal taste. It will be found to smoke with peculiar zest—though mild and pleasant to a degree that is a discovery of new possibilities in cigars of this popular combination.

The sizes are especially adapted to smoking out-of-doors, being rolled, by workmen who know the art, to burn evenly, and with just the right amount of freedom to "hold the fire" in the air without the slightest sacrifice of the bouquet or waste of good tobacco.

The ORLANDO is recommended to smokers as a cigar especially fine in quality, workmanship and fullness—matchless, we believe, as a production in the Domestic grade. It is *new-fashioned*, because a UNITED CIGAR STORE value, and *old-fashioned* in all that is good.

UNITED CIGAR STORES everywhere sell the ORLANDO—no other dealers do, *because they can't buy them at a penny less, one at a time, or by the thousand, than you do.*

Get an ORLANDO and smoke it. That will make ownership of a box one of the pleasantest prospects of summer.

Mail orders filled on receipt of price by the Mail Order Service (United Cigar Stores Co.), 143-145 W. 17th Street, New York. All shipments express prepaid.

Hundreds of Stores in Operation from Coast to Coast.

New York . . . . 150 Stores.
Chicago, Ill. . . . . 37 Stores.
Boston, Mass. . . . . 16 Stores.
Phila., Pa. . . . . 8 Stores.
San Francisco, Cal., 1 Store.
(10 stores destroyed; so to be established)
Oakland, Cal.
Kansas City, Mo.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Pittsburg, Pa.
Providence, R. I.
New Haven, Conn.
Fall River, Mass.
Springfield, Mass.
Jersey City, N. J.
Newark, N. J.
Paterson, N. J.
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Los Angeles, Cal.
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Spokane, Wash., Etc., Etc.

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UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY

CIGARS UNITED

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Imagine Garters that set snugly and comfortably—garters that won't slip, sag or loosen, but securely and smoothly hold the socks. Garters that have no sharp corners to cut the underwear, socks, or webbing.

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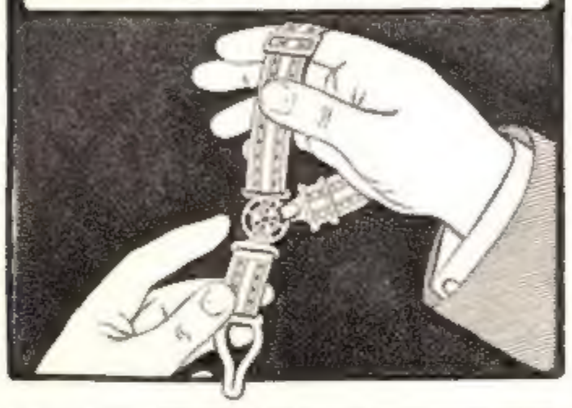

Do You Make Enough?

Does your work at counter, bench or desk pay you as much as you want or need? Are you being squeezed to death socially and intellectually because you have so little money for the things and the life that would broaden and develop you?

Make some systematic use of your spare time. Take a certain part of each day or evening and earn large sums in commissions, rebates, bonuses and prizes making yearly sales for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Any man or woman, young or old, and boy or girl, who wants to "get on" can do so with the help our sales department will give them as its representative.

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Write us for information.

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An Advantage

When a pretty young miss has a "cast" in her eye
  It greatly increases her "chances,"
Because, you must know—if you study the "Why?"—
  It assists her in throwing her glances.

Silence is Golden

When I was joined to Minnie, she, like many of her sex,
Was prone to talk so ceaselessly my patience she would vex;
But I have trained her to be still whene'er I crook my thumb;
I've got her fund of speech reduced clear to the Minnie-mum.

Looking for Trouble

Yes, trouble is something that few persons seek,
  But the lover who tries to secure
A bride with much gold, "to have and to hold,"
  Is courting Miss Fortune, for sure.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

Mrs. Harrigan on Neighborliness

(*Mrs. Harrigan enters the kitchen door of Mrs. Elkins, her opposite neighbor, and with arms akimbo begins to talk.*)

GOOD-MARNIN'. Ain't it wonderful the weather we're havin'? Regular June weather, an' most ginerally in June it's as cold as March. I think the saisins does be changin'—an' no wonder. If I was a yair I'd hate to be doin' the same things over an' over, an' like as not I'd freeze things in July an' have fruit in January.

Sp'akin' of fruit, can you lind me the loan of your bread-makin' machine? Sure I'm that busy nowadays that I don't have time to wash me hands, an' they say you can make just as good bread wid dirrty hands in a bread-makin' machine. I wonder could you make ice-crame in it. I borried Mrs. Jones' ice-crame freezer an' the baby pulled it arf the table an' bruk it an' the ice-crame not half-froze, an' me expectin' Father Ryan to tea, like as not, although he seldom comes this time of yair, but 'tis bist to be prepared.

I hope the Joneses won't be wantin' anny ice-crame for some time until I think to get the freezer mended, an' it ain't likely I'll think of it at arl as Mike is so busy gettin' ready to make hay.

I have the worrst luck wid machinery. I borried Mrs. Chase's hand sewin'-machine an' the baby ran a stick t'roo it an' bruk it, an' I took it right back to Mrs. Chase, for I tharght she might want to use it, but she wasn't in an' so I didn't tell her it was bruk, an' I hope you won't, for she'd hate to hair it comin' from a stranger, though why ye don't go an' earl on her I can't see, for her husband has lots of t'ings that would come in handy if ye wanted to borrer.

Jimmy had his foot swell up just like the mumps, but Mike says it was a hornet. Hornets is very plentiful this yair. Sure, I often think it's a pity they don't make honey, for Mike could sell it if there was anny wan wanted hornet's honey. Jimmy says it would be hot stuff. I often think it's a pity flies isn't more useful—we have so manny of them. Sure, screens is no good, for the baby stepped t'roo three an' the flies always comes t'roo the holes. An', annyhow, the back door is arlways open to let in the baby—an' the chickens. The chickens is a nuisance, but since they found scraps on the kitchen floor it's hard keepin' them out. An' scraps is good for eggs, but the chickens is on'y five weeks old an' not likely to lay till snow flies, an' then they'll never do it, it's so cold. It would be a gran' thing if we had our winters in the summer when it's warrm, for then the hens would lay arl winter long.

Wasn't it arfil, that earthquake up in San Francisco? They tell me it was a volcaner afther arl, an' arl started be the I-talians. America for the Americans. I-talians an' Chinese an' nagurs! Sure, it's harrd gettin' along wid 'em. Not that they ever thrubble me, on'y makin' worrk harrder to get, an' we have arl the worrk we can do, an' Mike does less an' less wid his as'my.

Can you make cake in them bread-makers? Sure, it's lazy we're arl gettin' wid the contraptions they do be havin'. Jimmy does be tellin' me they're go'n' to take the telegraft wires an' the telephone wires down an' do widout 'em. What's this he carls it? Oh, the wireless! It's a pity they wouldn't give the poles to the poor for firewood, but they'll stand till they rot. Jimmy says it's wonderful sendin' messages widout visible manes of support, but it's just as wonderful sendin' invisible worrds on the wires. I can hear them hummin', but niver wan do I see.

The wire'll come in handy to mind Mike's finces. I tell him he'd better cut the wires along our side of the road before the Chases get them, but he can't climb anny more, an' Jimmy is afraid of gettin' hold of wan of those lively wires, which is very deadly.

Sp'akin' of finces, the cows wint t'roo a hole in the fince an' ate themsilves sick on the Chases' onions an' the milk was somethin' arfil. Mike med a complaint to Mr. Chase, an' would you belave it, ould man Chase threatened to pound the cows if they kem in again. An' it might have been somethin' p'isin they ate an' arl his fault, for the fince has been bruk ever since January owin' to Mr. Chase's father sellin' Mike such poor barbed wire. Sure, Mike couldn't afford to buy anny better, but ould Chase would never think of that, an' us arlways so fri'ndly an' borryin' as soon as they kem here to live. Well, of coorse, it's arl the way a person's brarght up. Mike says nuthin' shows neighborliness so much as borrerin', an' ever since I try to be neighborly to arl that come even if they was Chinese an' didn't belave there was a Bible at arl, at arl. . . .

Oh, you'd rather not lind your bread-makin' machine? (*Laughs good-humoredly.*) Sure, it's arl wan. I'll bring over some water an' salt an' borrer some flour an' watch you make it. Mebbe Mike'll buy wan whin he tastes the bread, arlthough he says he's used to me hands, black or white, an' he's like to dislike anny mechanical bread.

Anny time ye want to borrer annything we have that ain't bruk, it's welkim y'are, though we do have turrible luck wid machinery.

(*Starts to go.*) I'll be back wid the salt. . . . What's that? You'll make me a batch just to try? Sure it's kind y'are. Then I'll not thrubble to get the salt, but, if the bread turrns out right, I want you to keep a loaf for yourself wid my compliments.

Sure, what's the use of bein' neighbors if we can't be neighborly?

—*Charles Battell Loomis.*

Things Inside

My papa is a doctor man,
  An' that is how he knows
Each little thing inside of me,
  An' how it runs an' goes.
He tells me I have whizzin' wheels
  Inside my head that spin—
I ast him onct t' tell me how
  Th' buzzin' wheels got in.

He put his finger in my mouth:
  "Why, here's a tiny door!"
An' then he tweaked my nose, an' said:
  "An' here's a couple more:
An' here's a little music-box—
  It's full of cogs an' wheels,
An' every time you give a squeeze
  It opens up an' squeals!"

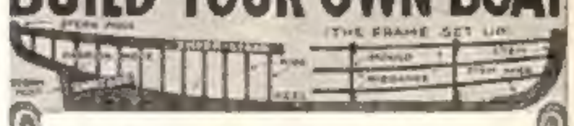
One day my papa saw me bolt
  A great big chunk of 'tater:
"Look out!" he cried, "you'll overtax
  Your little elevator!"
"What's that?" I ast. "Oh, that," said he,
  "Is jest a little dummy
That carries everything you eat
  Clear down into your tummy!"

I'm full of springs, jest like a clock,
  An' when I start t' play,
My papa looks at me, an' sez:
  "You're all wound up to-day!"
But onct, when I was sick, he said:
  "Let's quit th' stuffy town,
An' move out t' th' country house—
  Th' boy is all run down!"

Then, 'cause he couldn't wind me up
  Ag'in, without a key,
He fed me castor-oil—t' grease
  Th' cogs an' wheels in me.
I don't see how a little boy
  Not very high or wide
Can carry 'round th' awful load
  Of things he's got inside!

—*Aloysius Coll.*

BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT



By the BROOKS System

10,686 novices—most of them with no tool experience whatever—built boats by the Brooks System last year. Over 50 per cent. have built their **second** boats. Many have established themselves in the boat building business.

If you can drive a nail and cut out a piece of material from a full size pattern—you can build a **Canoe—Row-boat—Sail-boat—Launch—or Yacht**—in your leisure time—at home.

The Brooks System consists of **exact size** printed **paper patterns** of every part of the boat—with **detailed instructions and working illustrations** showing each step of the work—an itemized **bill** of **material** required and how to secure it.

All you need is the patterns, costing from $2.50 up—and materials from $5.00 up. Only common household tools required.

We also furnish complete boats in the Knock Down form—ready to put together. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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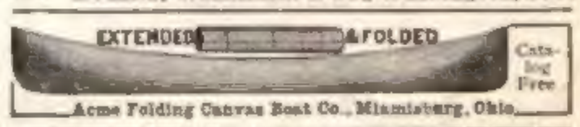

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THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

A Brief History

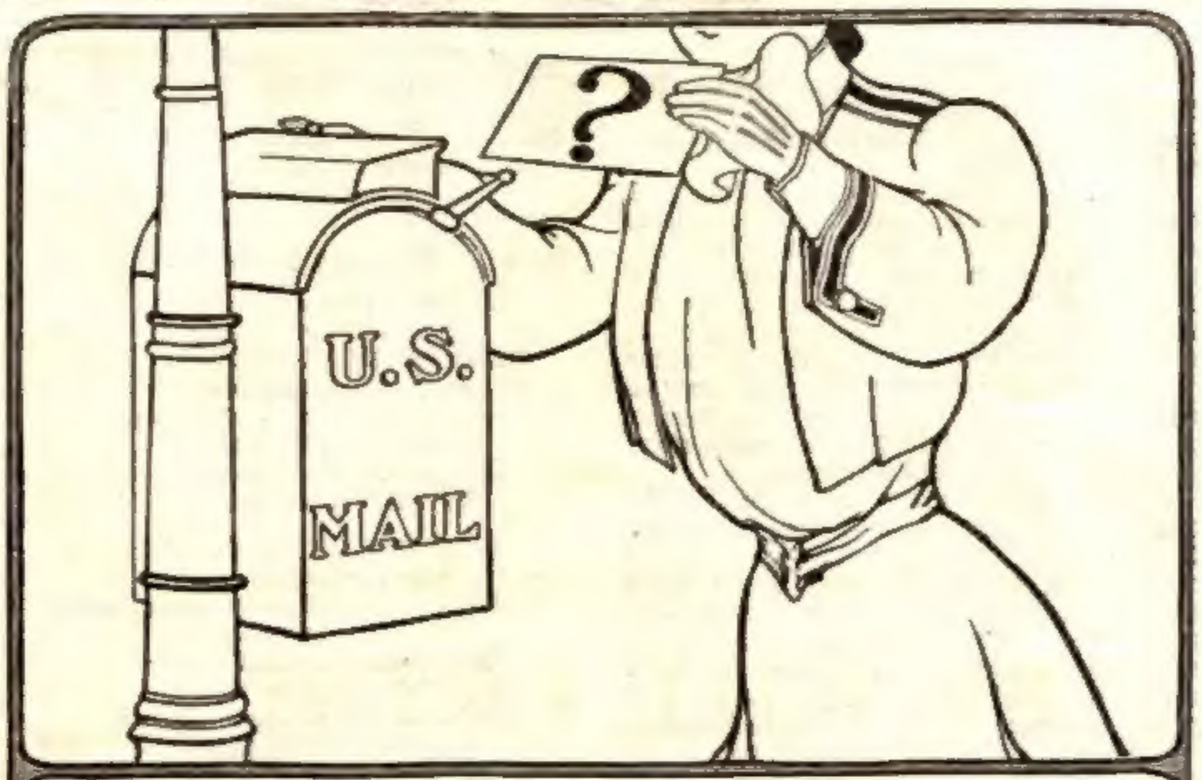
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Great Game

When a man offers you ten per cent. a month on a five-hundred dollar investment the police are apt to get him if he doesn't see them first. We call this brand of finance a get-rich-quick scheme. Add five or six ciphers to the five hundred dollars and let a city railroad system or a copper mine be the stake: then we term it high finance, and if we happen to have a bowing acquaintance with the great financier's wife's third cousin we are too human not to brag about it.

In any event, and without regard to ethical values, the practice of modern business has a side not altogether without picturesqueness. Modern business contains more interest for more people than any other field of human activity. All of which is a rather long introduction to the suggestion that you read Will Payne's article in this issue. It is the first of a series of articles on Modern Business Practice. Few men have a more comprehensive view of the subject and none writes of it in quite the same interesting and informing manner. Mr. Payne's second article, to be published within the next few weeks, will show the genesis and growth of the greatest implement of modern business.



A Customer Asks a Question.

A customer writes: You say Ivory Soap is 99 44/100 per cent. pure. Why do you not make it 100 per cent. pure?

For the reason that it is not practicable to do so. There must be some substance in soap which is not soap, just as there must be some alloy in gold. And for the selfsame reason—to hold it together.

The ambition of a good soap maker is to produce a soap with a minimum of impurity. Ivory Soap fulfills this requirement. It contains less than one-fourteenth as much impurity as a gold coin does.

Ivory Soap

99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure.

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The big, plain figures of the Auto-Meter (shown actual size above) can be easily read for six feet or more. Try it yourself. The dial stays steady, for *speed alone* moves it. There is no little hand, bobbing back and forth, until you don't know whether you are going five miles or fifteen, on

The Auto Meter

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The distribution of prizes will be made to those sending us the largest list of correct words made from the letters used in the word "MANUFACTURER"—words as found in Webster's International Dictionary. You can use letters as many times in each word as they appear in this word.

The person sending the first largest list of words will receive a prize of one 18-foot Torpedo Stern Auto-boat fitted with a 2-cylinder 3 H. P. Wonder Engine.

The person sending the second largest list will receive a 3 H. P. 2-cylinder Wonder Engine complete with reversing propeller outfit.

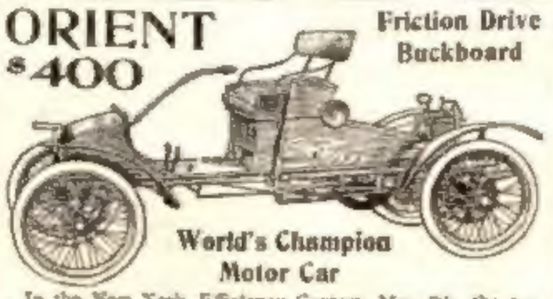
The person sending the third largest list will receive a one and one-half H. P. Wonder single cylinder engine complete with reversing propeller outfit. The next five largest lists will receive Credit Bills amounting to $25.00. The next five largest lists will receive Credit Bills amounting to $20.00. In case of a tie, each contestant will receive the prize offered. There will be 125 Credit Bills distributed.

No list accepted after July 31st. Start your list to-day and send for illustrated catalogue of prizes.

The R. M. Cornwell Co., 456 So. Clinton St., Syracuse, N.Y.

ORIENT $400

Friction Drive Buckboard



World's Champion Motor Car

In the New York Efficiency Contest, May 9th, the two Orient Buckboards entered, broke all existing records, one car going 94 miles, the other 101.6 miles, each on 2 gallons of gasoline. No stops made for repairs or adjustments. This unequalled performance places the Orient first in efficiency, economy and endurance. Peerless in construction, smartest in appearance—4 H. P. Air Cooled, numerous speeds, forward and reverse—absolutely dependable for all round road work—level roads—hills, sand or mud. Catalogue free with full information. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.

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Modern Business Practice

Our Ownerless Corporations

By WILL PAYNE

RECENT disclosures of graft in the management of the Pennsylvania Railroad undoubtedly shocked the country. Unsophisticated people had not expected it. Yet a little reflection will show that this graft was not only to have been expected, but that it was a perfectly logical result of conditions which were known to have existed. Whether or not President Baer of the Reading was correctly quoted, he might very well have declared that railroads, in certain important particulars, are "rotten"—always, of course, saving and excepting his own especially-haloed concern.

In the case of the Pennsylvania there was uncovered a vigorous and comprehensive graft-system among minor officials—what might be called sub-dominant graft. A man in President Cassatt's office admitted that he owned some $300,000 of stock in coal companies, which had been given to him gratis—merely as a testimonial of friendship, he thought. Other subordinates had been similarly favored with gifts of stock in evidence of the affection that the coal gentlemen felt for them—which affection, naturally, varied in its ardor more or less according to the position held by the subordinate and his consequent ability to promote the rapid and economical handling of coal.

There is plenty of testimony to show that the success of a coal company depends entirely upon the relations that it is able to establish with the transportation agency. If the "common carrier" is friendly the coal company prospers; if unfriendly, it wastes away. On the days when the gifts of coal stocks were disclosed, witnesses were telling the Interstate Commerce Commission how the same Pennsylvania Railroad's discriminations in favor of the Standard Oil Company had handicapped their enterprises in that field. Commissioner Garfield's recent report contained specific charges of oil freight rates so grossly manipulated that independents were practically shut out. The whole subject of freight rebates and discriminations, whereby the favored shipper is built up and his unfavored competitor suppressed, is so familiar a story that we need not pause to illustrate it.

Of course, railroad officials of high and low degree know it by heart; and if they saw the "common carrier" which they were operating turned into an agency to collect millions upon millions of rebate graft for the big shippers, wouldn't it naturally occur to them that they might as well employ so splendidly efficient an organization a little bit for their own personal profit? They know that the life of various industries (which their road is supposed to serve impartially) depends upon freight rates. They know that rates have been so manipulated as to foster some and destroy others. Wouldn't it be strange if it did not occur to them that, while copiously watering the big shippers with the illicit but life-giving favors, they might as well sprinkle a little on their own lots?

The dominant graft of discriminations to big shippers leads, by a perfectly natural and logical sequence, to the sub-dominant graft of free coal stocks for subordinates. President Cassatt assures us that the dominant graft has been eliminated; but its fruit among his subordinates is now disclosed.

The sub-dominant graft was extensive. Petty subordinates, hardly up in the stock-certificate class, yet having some discretionary power over distribution of cars and movement of trains, received mysterious gifts of ten-dollar bills, in packages of varying sizes. In the same day's newspaper that records this you will find a report of the testimony, at Kansas City, in the trial of some railroad men charged with giving rebates. In these cases the shippers were only relatively "big"—not in the Standard Oil class; but "big" enough to be taken care of in a minor way. It was shown that they had received unexplained gifts of money in packages of various sizes. Mysterious and benevolent strangers had dropped parcels upon their desks containing banknotes, the value of the parcel being quite nicely related to the bulk of their freight payments. What an interesting family likeness there is between these mysterious presents to the Kansas City shippers and the mysterious presents to the Pennsylvania Railroad men—and how precisely the one predicates the other!

Living in a world where unlawful banknotes fall as the leaves of Vallombrosa, wouldn't it be odd if railroad subordinates didn't garner a few for themselves? Ten-dollar bills are handy things to have. If a railroad bribes shippers, can it reasonably object when a shipper turns around and bribes its own agents? The degree in which the railroads are "rotten," with rebates and other lawless discriminations, is pretty well understood. Is it reasonable to expect all of the underlings who operate the colossal system of dominant graft to retain so nice a sense of personal integrity that they will reject the sub-dominant graft which means to them personal profit?

Candidly, why should they? To whom are they responsible, except to superiors who sanctioned the big graft and sometimes personally profited by it—to such extent as they might be interested as stockholders in the concerns that got railroad favors?

To expect a train dispatcher or yardmaster to feel any sense of responsibility to the stockholders who own the road is manifestly absurd. As a matter of fact, as regards the great, typical, modern corporations that do so large a part of the country's business, the idea of responsibility to the stockholders who are the legal owners of the concern is not only passing, but has largely passed already; and certain rather objectionable features of modern corporation enterprise are directly due to this decay of a sense of responsibility to the legal owners.

For conducting big business, a corporation has two chief advantages over a partnership. Under it, the liability of the owners for debts of the concern is strictly limited, whereas under the ordinary partnership such liability is unlimited. And the corporate form gives much greater facility to transfer of ownership. To transfer an interest in a partnership one must, commonly, make arrangements with all the other partners as well as with the purchasers; while to transfer an interest in a corporation one need only indorse and hand over his stock certificates. Broadly speaking, the law supposes that these two points about constitute the difference between a partnership and a corporation; but the law supposes a lot of things that have no foundation in fact.

Under modern business practice these two features of limited liability for debts and vendibility of ownership have been so tremendously developed that, on the one hand,

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of papers by Mr. Payne on Modern Business Practice. The next will appear in an early issue.

the stockholder feels no liability of any sort on account of his corporation; and, on the other hand, ownership has become so vendible that it has almost ceased to exist except as a legal fiction.

Stocks, representing the legal ownership of our big corporations, were transferred on the New York Exchange last year to the amount of 263 million shares, of a par value of 24 billion dollars. For more particular illustration, take a number of stocks that carry control of some of our largest enterprises. Of Atchison and Baltimore and Ohio common the stock market transfers in the year amounted to about three times the total amount outstanding; of St. Paul and Erie common about ten times; of Reading and Union Pacific about fifteen times. In the single month of December the sales of Union Pacific common were over double the total amount outstanding. Practically the whole free capital of Southern Pacific was sold, in this one month, also of Reading, while the whole capital of Amalgamated Copper was handled two and a half times over. Sales of American Locomotive common in 1905 amounted to over seventeen times the total issue. It is not at all extraordinary to see the sales on the Exchange of a stock that happens to be prominent at the moment exceed the whole issue within a few days—and sometimes within a single day.

It does not answer to dismiss this as "speculation," for under the practice of the Exchange practically every sale is accompanied by an actual transfer of the stock—the actual ownership passes. In fact, if a party of capitalists wish to secure a certain property it is becoming more and more common for them simply to buy it on the Exchange instead of negotiating with individual owners. Thus, actual ownership of great and rich properties has passed to entirely new hands without the officers of the company being in the least aware of it. Moore Brothers bought the Rock Island road in that way, and came measurably near buying Chicago and Northwestern. Gates so bought Louisville and Nashville. The Street believes that the Standard Oil crowd has bought so much New York Central stock in the market that it could now outvote the Vanderbilts in the road. Probably nobody knows where the actual controlling ownership of the Pennsylvania Railroad lies. By purchase and sale of the stock in the market and by combinations among different sets of stockholders it may lie in one place to-day and in quite another to-morrow.

If You Don't Like it, Sell Out

THE sense of responsibility to the employing owners was originally a personal feeling. In so far as it remains a personal feeling it must obviously operate very imperfectly when the employee, high or low, does not and cannot know from day to day who the owners are. The exceeding facility with which ownership is now transferred has operated to defeat, in fact, the theoretical and legally sanctioned relationship between the stockholder and the corporation. As a matter of actual practice, the ordinary stockholder hardly thinks of himself as a part-owner, nor do the managers of the corporation so regard him. This is shown by every-day experience. If the ordinary stockholder does not like what the corporation is doing, he almost never thinks of trying to exert his power as part-owner to correct it, but simply sells his stock. If he goes to a business friend for advice touching the corporation's bad practice, that advice will be, about nine times out of ten, "Sell your stock." In fact, as anybody with experience in such matters can testify, if an ordinary stockholder, or a body of them, protests against some policy of the management, the management's first answer will probably be: "If you don't like it, why don't you sell your stock?"

So, in spite of the legal fact of part-ownership, the practical business fact is that the ordinary stockholder regards himself, and is regarded by the management, simply as a creditor—not different from a noteholder or a bondholder except in the particular that he cannot enforce his claim in court. He can neither sue for the dividends if the company does not pay them, nor foreclose to protect the principal if it seems in peril. It is the commonest fact of corporation management that nothing is ever heard from the ordinary stockholders so long as dividends are paid regularly. The stockholder, regarding himself really as a mere "investor"—that is, creditor—of the company, is content while dividends are satisfactory, and dutifully sends in the voting proxy wherewith the management reëlects itself.

Sometimes unworthy advantage is taken of this fact. For example, for years the late Charles T. Yerkes kept the stockholders in the Chicago street-railway companies contented and loyal—notwithstanding a tremendous muck-raking by the press about stolen franchises, bribed legislators and bad service—by regularly paying them handsome dividends. Their esteem for the dividend-payer was so great that they loyally and blindly sanctioned a lease that he drew up turning over the roads to men who had purchased his own stock at a very high figure. Afterward it transpired that a considerable part of the handsome dividends had been paid to the stockholders out of their own capital—an example, on a large scale, of the well-known get-rich-quick system; also that the lease was full of "jokers" which were highly prejudicial to the stockholders' interests. Early directors of the American Malting Company pleased their shareholders with good dividends, but were afterward sued for paying them out of capital, and had to reimburse the depleted treasury personally.

In the Wall Street manipulation of stocks a basic circumstance is that the ordinary holder looks pretty exclusively to dividends. He is, in actual business practice, a creditor, not an owner; and I believe it to be a perfectly fair statement that the practical attitude toward him of the managers of typical modern corporations is, both consciously and still more unconsciously, formed upon this conception of him as simply a creditor. A man does not consider himself responsible to his creditors except for the terms of the debt. Generally speaking, if he meets the interest payments promptly it is none of the creditors' business what else be done. I believe it to be true that the modern corporation manager's attitude is that if the ordinary stockholder gets his dividend regularly he ought to be satisfied.

More and More Power for the Management

I AM not proposing a reform. I do not think this attitude of the common stockholder and toward the common stockholder will disappear. On the contrary, it seems rather likelier to grow more pronounced. The typical corporation is so huge, its policies are so extensive and complicated, that the ordinary stockholder really cannot exercise an intelligent judgment respecting them. He can, of course, form sound opinions as to a few elemental facts—such, for example, as that it isn't good for him to have a horde of subordinates grafting on the company. But in the nature of things the limits of his intelligent discretion are so narrow that the management rather falls into the way of regarding it as altogether negligible. How, for instance, could the ordinary stockholder form an intelligent opinion as to whether it is politic or impolitic for the Pennsylvania road to undertake its vast terminal plans at New York, involving expenditures that may run to a hundred millions? Still less is he in a position to pass intelligent judgment upon this road's great moves in the railroad field—such as the purchase of the Baltimore and Ohio, the fight with Gould, and so on. Even though he be a practical railroader—engaged, say, in some operating department—he cannot, ordinarily, know enough of the facts in the case to judge intelligently. In order to judge intelligently he must have the whole railroad world under his eye.

The modern business scheme, with its ever-widening combinations of units and its ever-growing strategy, practically limits intelligent discretion to comparatively few men. Quite naturally, these comparatively few men ever exert themselves to take discretion away—either legally or in fact—from the many who might exercise it unintelligently. Probably it is fair to say that they do this, first, from the very exigencies of the case, and that the enormous gains which accrue to them are merely incidental. The bitter-minded will doubtless prefer to turn it the other way round. But we are here interested, after all, rather with the facts than with the theories.

The naïve theory was that discretion as to the management of a concern went to those who supplied the capital. Under modern practice those who supply most of the capital have actually nothing to say about the management. Of late years, in the railroad field especially, the greater part of the capital has been furnished by bondholders who have no voice whatever in the management. In the last five years there have been made and listed on the New York Stock Exchange bonds that were issued for new capital

to the amount of $1,600,000,000—nearly all of railroad and industrial corporations—while bonds to replace old securities (in good part, non-voting bonds issued to replace stock with voting power) have been made and listed to the amount of $1,800,000,000. At the same time the total sales of railroad and industrial bonds on the Exchange have amounted to over five billion dollars. No managerial discretion goes with the enormous contributions of capital in this form.

The men who are in a position to exercise intelligent discretion are so few in comparison with the vast capital requirements of the concerns they control that, naturally, there is a constant exertion to get in capital without giving away discretion. The non-voting bond is the simplest plan. But there are a number of others. Some years ago John W. Gates agitated Mr. Morgan by purchasing in the open market a majority of the capital stock of the Louisville and Nashville road. As this was simple, old-fashioned stock with full voting power, discretion as to the management of L. & N. was thereby abruptly transferred from Mr. Morgan's friends of Belmont & Co. to a crowd of Westerners who might use it in a manner which, however discreet for their own ends, would be highly prejudicial to Mr. Morgan's interests in Southern roads. Having bought this majority of L. & N. stock from Mr. Gates, Mr. Morgan sold it to the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. The minority of the L. & N. stock (294,000 out of the total of 600,000 shares) is still in the market and actively traded in; but purchases and sales effect no transfer of discretion, for the Atlantic Coast Line, holding a majority, controls the road's policy In the same way purchases of any part of the $100,000,000 Southern Pacific stock that is in the market carry no voice in the management, for the Union Pacific holds a majority and so absolutely controls the policy. Purchases of Reading, Central of New Jersey, Chesapeake and Ohio, Alton, St. Louis and San Francisco and other railroad stocks give no voice as to the management, for in each one a majority of the stock is locked up—and in a good many cases the purchase of the majority interest, which means complete control, has been financed by the sale of non-voting bonds.

Not long after the Louisville and Nashville episode the voting trust in Southern Railway was about to expire. A voting trust is a device whereby all the voting power of a stock is vested in a few trustees, purchasers of the stock having no control over the management. A majority of Southern Railway stock was then put into a new voting trust, with J. P. Morgan, Charles Lanier and George F. Baker as trustees, the trust to continue until a "majority of the stock assenting thereto" votes to dissolve it. Thus, it will be seen, a majority of the majority, or twenty-six per cent. of the whole, can keep discretion in the hands of the three trustees forever.

How the Stockholder is Gagged and Bound

THE capital stock of the Seaboard Air Line Railway (now one of Thomas F. Ryan's enterprises) is in a voting trust. But Mr. Ryan wished to raise fresh capital for the enterprise, so the "Seaboard Company" was organized to raise some $7,600,000 to advance to the railway; also to buy 82 per cent. of the capital stock of the railway. The stock of the "Seaboard Company" was given full voting power, but the voting power can have no effect upon the management of the railway which the company owns, for the stock of the railway itself is in a voting trust. The Atlantic Coast Line Railroad has $45,000,000 capital stock and operates over 4300 miles of road, besides controlling the Louisville and Nashville, as explained above, which has over 6700 miles. But a majority of the stock of the railroad is held by the "Atlantic Coast Line Company," which has $10,500,000 capital stock. Thus all managerial discretion over some 11,000 miles of road is vested in the holders of a majority of $10,500,000 stock.

The "Rock Island Company" owns most of the stock of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, which owns a majority of the stock of the St. Louis and San Francisco, which owns control of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois. By its charter the power to elect a majority of the board of directors of the "Rock Island Company" is vested in the holders of its preferred stock. Thus complete control over the management of some 14,000 miles of road is held by owners of a majority of Rock Island preferred—worth, at current market prices, less than seventeen million dollars, while the total capitalization of the system so controlled is nearly seven hundred million dollars.

Immediate control of a corporation is vested in its board of directors. The "Rock Island Company," like all typical modern corporations, divides its board into

(Concluded on Page 20)

Muggles' Supreme Moment

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH

"Lo, the Conquering Hero"

ALMOST estimable young man was Muggles: a clean-shaven, spick-and-span, well-mannered young man—particular as to the brushing of his hat, the tying of his scarf and the cut of his clothes; more than particular as to their puttings-on and puttings-off—sack-coat and derby for mornings; top hat and frock for afternoons; bob-tail and black tie for stags, and full regalia of white choker, white waistcoat and swallow-tail for smart dinners and the opera.

He knew, too, all the little niceties of social life—which arm to give to his hostess in escorting her out to dinner; on which side of a hansom to place a lady; the proper hours for calling; the correct thing in canes, umbrellas, stick-pins and cigar-cases; the way to balance a cup of afternoon tea on one knee while he toyed with a lettuce sandwich teetering on the other—all the delicate observances so vital to the initiated and so unimportant to the untutored and ignorant. Then Muggles was a kind and considerate young man—extremely kind and intrusively considerate; always interesting himself in everybody's affairs and taking no end of trouble to straighten them out whether importuned or not—and he seldom was.

This idiosyncrasy had gained for him during his college days the title of "Mixey." This in succeeding years had been merged into "Muddles" and finally to "Muggles," as being more euphonious and less insulting. Of late among his intimates he had been known as "The Goat," due to his constant habit of butting in at any and all times, a sobriquet which clings to him to this day.

His real name—the one he inherited from his progenitors and now borne by his family—was one that stood high in the fashionable world: they answered to the more dignified and aristocratic patronymic of Maxwell—a name dating back to the time of Cromwell, with direct lineage from the Earl of Clanworthy—John, Duke of Essex, Lord Beverston—that sort of lineage. No one of the later Maxwells, it is true, had ever been able to fill the gap of a hundred years or more between the Clanworthys and the Maxwells, but a little thing like that never made any difference to Muggles or his immediate connections. Was not the family notepaper emblazoned with the counterfeit presentment of a Stork Rampant caught by the legs and flopping its wings over a flattened fish-basket; and did not Muggles' cigarette-case, cuff-buttons and seal ring bear a similar design? And the wooden mantel in the great locked library, and which was opened and dusted twice a year—the books, not the mantel—did it not support a life-sized portrait of the family bird done in wood, with three diminutive storklets clamoring to be fed, their open mouths out-thrust between her motherly breast and the top edge of the fish-basket, enwreathed by a more than graceful ribbon bearing the inscription, "We feed the hungry"—or words to that effect?

None of these evidences of wealth and ancestry, it must be said, ever impressed the group of scoffers gathered about the wood fire of the "Ivy" in his college days, or about the smart tables at the "Magnolia Club" in his post-graduate life. To them he was still "Mixey," or "Muddles," or "Muggles," or "The Goat," depending entirely upon the peculiar circumstances connected with the mixing up or the butting in.

The descendant of earls and high-daddies never lost his temper at these onslaughts. If Bender, or Podvine, or little Billy Salters pitched into him for some act of stupidity—due entirely to his misguided efforts to serve some mutual friend—Muggles would argue, defend and protest, but the discussion would always end with a laugh and his signing the waiter's check and ordering another one for everybody.

"Why the devil, Muggles, did you insist last night on that Boston girl's riding home from the theatre in the omnibus, you goat?" thundered Podvine one morning at the club, "instead of letting her——"

"My dear fellow," protested Muggles, "it was much more comfortable in the omnibus, and——"

"——And broke up her walk home with Bobby, you idiot! He had to take the owl train home, and she won't see him for a month. Didn't you know they were engaged?"

"No——"

"Of course you didn't, Muggles, but you could have seen it in her face if you'd looked. You always put your foot in it clean up to your pants' pocket!"

"You've been at it again, have you, Muggles?" burst out Bender that same night. "Listen to the Goat's last, boys. Jerry wanted to buy that swamp meadow next his place on Long Island and had been dickering with the old fellow who owns it all winter, telling him it would be a good place to raise cranberries if it was dug out and drained, and they had almost agreed on the price—about twice what it was worth—when down goes Muggles to spend the night

The Lumber-Boss was Always Willing to Answer Any Fool Question

and Jerry blabs it all out, and just why he wanted it, and the next morning Muggles, to clinch the deal and help Jerry, slips over to the hayseed and tells him how the Sunnybrook Club are going to buy Jerry's place, and how they wanted the swamp for a hatchery—all true—and that the hayseed oughtn't to wait a moment, but send word by *him* that the deal was closed, because the clubhouse being near by would make all the rest of his land twice as valuable; and the old Skeezicks winked his eye and shifted his tobacco and said he'd think about it, and now you can't buy that sinkhole for twenty times what it's worth, and the Sunnybrook is looking for another site nearer Woodvale. Regular clown, is Muggles; he seems to be exactly like that fellow at the circus holding up one end of the tent and then, before the supes can reach it, dropping it for the other end."

When the results of this last well-intentioned effort with its disastrous consequences became clear to the Goat, that spotless gentleman leaned back in his chair, threw back his shoulders, shot out his cuffs, readjusted his scarfpin and replied in an offended tone:

"All owing, my dear fellow, to the stupidity of the agricultural class. I told the farmer he would regret it, and he will. As for myself, I was awfully disappointed. I had planned to run all the way back to Jerry's and tell him the good news before he went to sleep that night, and——"

"Disappointed, were you? How do you think Jerry felt? Made a lot of difference to him, I tell you, not selling his place to the club. Been a whole year working it up. It's smothered now under a blanket—about ninety per cent. of its value—and the Sunnybrook scheme would have pulled him out with a margin! Now it's deader than last year's shad. What the club wanted was a hatchery built over a spring, and that's why that swamp was necessary to the deal. Oh, you're the limit, Muggles!"

It was while smarting under these criticisms that the steward one morning in June brought him his letters. One was from Monteith—Class of '91—a senior when Muggles was a freshman—and was postmarked "Wabacog, Canada," where Monteith owned a lumber mill—and where he ran it himself and everything connected with it from stumpage to scantling. "There is a broad stream that runs into the lake, . . . and above the mill there are bass weighing ten pounds, . . . and back in the primeval forest bears, . . . and now and then a moose——" So ran the letter. Muggles had spread it wide open by this time and was reading it aloud—everybody knowing Monteith—and the group never having any secrets of this kind from each other.

"Come up, old chap," Monteith continued, "and stay a week—two, if you can work it—and bring Bender, and little Billy and Poddy, and three or four more. The bungalow holds ten. Wire when—I'm now putting things on ice."

Muggles looked around the circle and sent interrogatory Marconigrams with his eyebrows. In response Podvine said he'd go, and so did Billy Salters. Bender thought he could come a day or two later—the earning of their daily bread was not an absorbing task with these young gentlemen—their fathers had done that years before.

Muggles ran over in his mind the list of his engagements: he was due at Gravesend on the tenth for a week, to play golf; at his aunt's country-seat in Westchester on the eleventh for the same length of time, and on the twelfth he was expected to meet a yacht at Cold Spring Harbor for a cruise up the coast. He had accepted these invitations and had fully intended to keep each and every one. Monteith's letter, however, seemed to come at a time when he really needed a more virile and bracing life than was offered by the others. Here was a chance to redeem his reputation. Lumber camps meant big men doing big

Shivering from Morning Plunges in the Lake

things—things reeking with danger, such as falling trees, wind-slashes and log jams. There might also be hair-breadth escapes in the hunting of big game and the tramping of the vast wilderness. This dressing three times a day and spending the intermediate hours hitting wooden balls, or lounging in a straw chair under a deck awning, had become tiresome. What he needed was to get down to Nature and hug the sod, and if there wasn't any sod then he would grapple with whatever took its place.

Muggles dropped his legs to the floor, straightened his back, beckoned to a servant, motioned for a telegraph blank—exertion is tabooed at the Magnolia—telescoped a gold pencil hooked to his watch-chain, and wrote as follows:

"Thanks. Coming Tuesday."

II

WABACOG covers a shaved place in a primeval forest which slopes to a lake of the same name. Covering this bare spot are huge piles of sawed lumber—Monteith's axe-razors did the shaving—surrounding an enormous mill surmounted by a smokestack of wrought iron topped with a bird-cage spark arrester, the whole flanked by a runway emerging from the lake, up which climb in mournful procession the stately bodies of fallen monarchs awaiting the cutting irony of the saw. Farther along, on another clearing, stands a square building labeled "Office," and still farther on, guarded by sentinel trees and encircled by wide piazzas, sprawls a low-roofed bungalow, its main entrance level with a boardwalk ending in the lake. This was Monteith's home. Here during the winter's logging he housed himself in complete seclusion, and here in summer he kept open house for whoever would answer in person his welcoming letters. Anything so rude and primeval, or so comforting and inviting, was beyond the experience of Muggles and his friends. This became apparent before they had shed their coats and unpacked their bags. There was a darky who answered to the name of Jackson who could not only crisp trout to a turn, but who could compound cocktails, rub down muscular backs shivering from morning plunges in the lake, make beds, clean guns, wait on the table, and in an emergency row a canoe. There were easy chairs and low-pitched divans overspread with Turkey rugs and heaped with piles of silk cushions; there were wooden lockers, all open, and each one filled with drinkables and smokables—drinkables with white labels, and smokables six inches long with cuffs half-way down their length; there was an ice-chest sampling a larger house in the rear; there was a big, wide, all-embracing fireplace that burst its sides laughing over the good time it was having (the air was cool at night), and outside, protected by a curbing of plank, redolent with perfume and glistening in the sunshine, was a bed of mint as long, wide and comforting as those covering the last resting-places of hospitable Virginians.

And there was Monteith!

Some men are born rich; some inherit a pair of scissors fitted to strong thumbs and forefingers; some have to lie awake nights wondering what they will do next to help their surplus run to waste, and some pass sleepless hours devising plans by which they can catch in their empty pockets the clippings and drippings of all three. Muggles' host was none of these. What he possessed he had worked for—early, late and all the time. His father had stood by and seen the old homestead in his native Southern State topple into ashes, only the gaunt chimney left; the son had worked his way through college, and then with diploma in one hand and his courage in the other—all he owned—he had shaken the dust of civilization from his shoes and had struck out for the Northern wilds: Wabacog was the result.

He had kept in touch with his college chums, and when the day of his success arrived, and he was his own master, with the inborn good-fellowship that marked his race, he had unbuttoned his pocket, shaken out his heart and let loose a hospitality that not only revived the memories of his childhood, but inaugurated a new kind of joy in the hearts of his guests. Hence the bungalow—hence Jackson—hence the lockers and the ice-chest, and hence the bed of mint.

"This is your room, Muggles—and Bender, old man, yours is next. Podvine, you are across the hall," was his welcome. "Breakfast is any time you want it; dinner at six. Now come here! See that line of lockers and that ice-chest? Don't forget 'em, please! Step up, Jackson—take a look at him, boys. That darky can mix anything known to man. He never sleeps, and he's never tired. If you don't call on him for every blessed thing you want day or night, there'll be trouble."

. . . . . .

They fished and canoed; they hunted bears—a fact known to the bear, who kept out of their way—never was in it, Bender insisted; they went overboard every morning, one after another, in the almost ice-cold water of the lake, out again red as lobsters, back on a run, whooping with the cold, to the blazing fire of the bungalow which Jackson had replenished with bundles of dried balsam that cracked and snapped with a roar while it toasted the bare backs and scorched the bare legs of each one in turn (the balsam was gathered the year before for this very purpose). They roamed the woods, getting a crack once in a while at a partridge or a squirrel; they strolled about the mill, listening to the whir of the saws and watching the "cut" as it was rolled away and was made to feed the huge piles of lumber and timber flanking the runway and far enough away from the huge stack to be out of the way of treacherous sparks; and at night they sat around Jackson's constantly replenished fire and told stories of their college days or revived the current gossip of the club and the Street.

Muggles ruminated over each and every experience—all new to him—and kept his eyes open for the psychological moment when he would burst asunder the bonds of conventionality and rise to the full measure of his abilities. The Clanworthys had swung battle-axes and ridden milk-white chargers into the thickest of the fray. His turn would come; he felt it in his bones: then these unbelievers would be silenced.

His host interested him enormously, especially his masterful way of handling his men. He himself had been elected foreman of Hose Carriage No. 1 in the village near his father's country seat, and still held that important office. His cape and fire-boots fitted him to a nicety, and so did his helmet. No. 1 had been called out but once in its history, and then to the relief of a barn which, having lost heart before the rescuers reached it, had sunk to the ground and there covered itself with ashes. He had been criticised, he remembered, much to his chagrin, for the way he had conducted the rescue party; but it would never happen again. After this he would pattern his conduct after Monteith, who seemed to accomplish by a nod and a wave of the hand what he had split his throat in trying to enforce. He did not put these thoughts into words; neither did he whisper them even in the ears of Podvine or Monteith—the two men who understood him best and who guyed him the least—especially Monteith, who never forgot that his college chum was his guest. He confided them instead to Monteith's big, red-faced foreman—half Canadian, part French, and the rest of him Irish—who was another source of wonder. Muggles' inherent good humor and willingness to oblige had made an impression on the lumber-boss and he was always willing to answer any fool question the young New Yorker asked—a privilege which he never extended to his comrades.

"What do I do when somepin' catches fire?" the boss replied to one of Muggles' inquiries—they were sitting in the office alone, Bender and little Billy having gone fishing with Jackson. "I'd blow that big whistle ye see hooked to the safety, first. Ye never heard it?—well, don't! It'll scare the life out o' ye. If the mill catches before we can get the pumps to work it's all up with us. If the piles of lumber git afire we kin save some of 'em if the wind's right; that's why we stack up the sawed stuff in separate piles."

"What do you do first—squirt water on it?"

"No, we ain't got no squirts that'll reach. Best way to handle the piles o' lumber is to start a line of bucket-men from the lake and cover the piles with anything you can catch up—blankets, old carpets, quilts; keep 'em soaked and ye kin fight it for a while; that's when one pile's afire, and ye're tryin' to save the pile next t'it. Light stuff is all over in half an hour—no matter how big the pile is—keep the rags soaked—that's my way."

That night before the blazing coals Muggles broke out on some theories of putting out a conflagration that made Bender sit up straight and little Billy Salters cup his ears in attention. Monteith also craned his neck to listen.

"Who the devil taught you that, Mixey?" asked Bender. "You talk as if you were Chief of the Big Six."

"Why, any fireman knows that. I've been running with the machine for years." The calm way with which Muggles said this, shaking the ashes from his cigar as he spoke, showed a certain self-reliance. "Out in our village I'm foreman of the Hose Company."

The sudden roar that followed this announcement shook the big glasses and bottles on the low table.

"So you'd keep the blankets soaked, would you?" remarked Billy, winking at the others.

"I certainly would." This came with a certain triumphant tone in his voice.

"Learned that practicing on his head," whispered Podvine.

"Right you are, Poddy; but Muggles, suppose the mill caught first," chipped in Monteith. The mill was the apple of his eye. Fire was what he dreaded—he never could insure the mill fully against fire. "What would you protect first—the mill or the piles of lumber?"

"The lumber, of course—the mill can use its pumps if the engine-room escapes."

"Better save the mill," rejoined Monteith thoughtfully. "Trade is pretty dull." Then he rose from his seat, reached for his hat and strolled out on the portico to take a look around before he turned in.

Muggles' masterful grasp of a science of which his companions knew as little as they did of the Patagonian dialects came as a distinct surprise. What else had the beggar been picking up in the way of knowledge? Maybe Muggles wasn't such a goat, after all. That Monteith had approved of his tactics only increased their respect for their companion. Muggles caught the meaning of the look in their faces and his waistcoat began to pinch him across his chest. This life was what he needed, he said to himself. Here were big men—the lumber-boss was one—and he was another—doing big things. Nothing like getting down to primeval Nature for an inspiration! "Hugging the sod," as he named it, had had its effect not only on himself, but on his fellows. They would never have felt that way toward him at the Magnolia. The week at Wabacog had widened their horizon—widened everybody's horizon—as for himself he felt like a Western prairie with limitless possibilities ending in mountains of accomplishment.

. . . . . .

That night, an hour after midnight, Muggles found himself sitting bolt upright in bed. Outside, filling the air of the wilderness, bellowed and roared the deep tones of the steam siren. Then came a babel of voices gaining in distinctness and volume:

"FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!"

Muggles sprang through the door and ran full tilt into Jackson and Bender, who had vaulted from their beds but a second before. The next instant every man in the bungalow, Monteith at their head, came tumbling out, one after the other.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" rang the cry, repeated by a hundred mill hands rushing toward the mill. A spark had worked its way through the arrester, some one said, had fallen into the sawed stuff, been nursed into a blaze by the night wind, and a roaring flame was in full charge of one pile of lumber and likely to take possession of another.

Muggles looked about him.

His supreme moment had come!

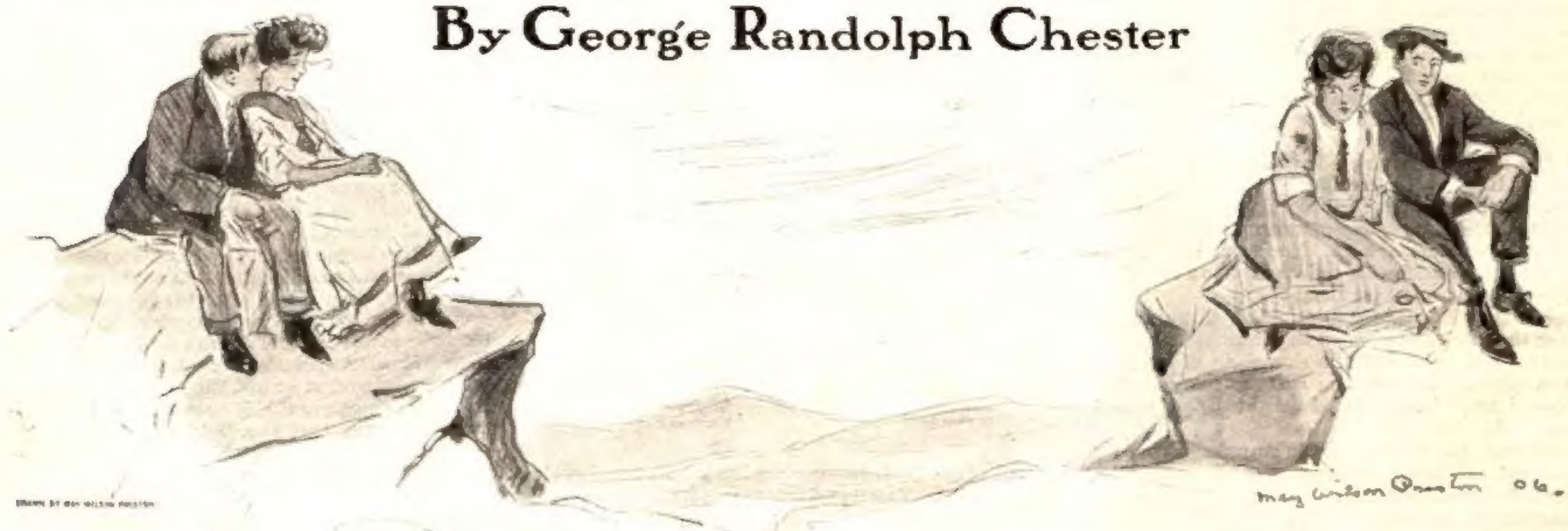
The Pass lay before him—so did the Bridge. The blood of the Clanworthys rose in his veins. A full suit of dove-colored pajamas and a pair of turned-up Turkish slippers was not exactly the kind of uniform that either Leonidas or

(Concluded on Page 20)

A Very Casabianca on the Burning Deck

AN ACCIDENTAL PLUTOCRAT

By George Randolph Chester



The Young People Were Enthusiastic Subscribers to the Doctrine of Brotherly and Sisterly Love

WANTED—One cook, two farm-hands and two carpenters at once, for work on the Doty Estate. Good living wages. WILLIAM O. DOTY.

XI

THE news of the Doty proclamation quickly spread, and brought the dwellers of Pike's Cove to their porches in curious speculation. Mr. G. Russell Cleve, however, was the first pauper who had the temerity to walk up and read the placard. He whistled softly as it soaked in on him, and Mr. Doty promptly came out in response to the whistle. The rich man wore his best clothes, including a white waistcoat, and he regarded Mr. Cleve with affable complacency.

"Come to apply for a place?" he asked kindly.

Mr. Cleve sat down on a camp stool.

"Well, I don't know," he thoughtfully replied. "You see, as President of the Chilean Pike's Cove Concessions Company, I figure that you'll have to see me about a purchase, or at least a lease, of the Doty estate. That house-building concession don't include anything like this, you know."

Mr. Doty also sat down and contemplated.

"All right," he finally agreed. "Bring me your title to the land, and I'm ready to talk business any minute, on a spot-cash basis. Until then I'm going right ahead, and I need farm-hands the worst way."

Mr. Cleve took another turn at careful consideration, pulling out a pocket-knife and whittling a long sliver of bark from a handy twig.

"How about the balance due me on that stock?" he ventured.

"You owe me," Mr. Doty calmly announced, having studied over this point while he was dressing—"You owe me—for what credit you've had on it and on the other deal—a hundred and fourteen dollars and fifty cents." (The fifty cents was for a combination lifter.) "The sale stands, but you've got to show me first that there was any such stock to sell."

Mr. Cleve chewed his sliver of bark in silence for a while. At last he sighed, smiled, arose and jammed his knife into his pocket.

"It will look rather funny," he observed, "to see the President of the Chilean Pike's Cove Concessions Company and of the Capricorn Fig Exporting Company, the Vice-President of the Cordilleras Nitre Company and of the Giant Crater Sulphur Company, the Secretary of the Andes and San Francisco Silver Company and of the Pike's Cove Tuberculosis Sanitarium Company, and a director in half a dozen equally prominent organizations, juggling a plow—but I'm the boy that can do it. I was born on a farm. How soon do you serve dinner to the hands?"

"As soon as we can get a cook to prepare it," replied Mr. Doty. "I rather expect there'll be somebody come looking for the place before long"—and his eye wandered over, quite casually, to the Vanstarvesynt porch.

A slow grin appeared upon the countenance of Mr. Cleve, and finally became a laugh.

"Oh, Gertie!" he suddenly called, and started over toward the Vanstarvesynts'. Mr. Cleve had accepted the social upheaval, and was already appropriating its personal privileges.

"Gertie? Gertie?" repeated Mrs. Vanstarvesynt wonderingly, and then the audacity of it dawned upon her. "Can it be possible that he is addressing *Gertrude?*" she asked of the granite cliffs. "Gertrude! You surely are not going to acknowledge that name, spoken by that person?"

"We are all persons together, it seems, mamma," said Gertrude with the twinkle of mischief in her eye. "It's perfectly grand, I think. I'm going down to see what George wants," and she tripped out to meet Mr. Cleve, leaving her mother trying in vain to get her bewildered clutch on the reality of things.

Mr. Cleve explained matters in a few words. Steven Hugg, having clothed himself after his swim, stalked moodily out, and they called him. He joined the little group, and presently the three young people burst out laughing. Mrs. Doty came rustling out to sit down beside her husband, and the trio went over and stood demurely before the newly-created grandees.

"I've come to apply for the place as cook," began Gertrude, smiling with positive glee. "It's my first place, and so I have no recommendations, and I don't know much about the work, but I think I might learn."

"Bless your heart, girl, we'll show you all about it," said Mrs. Doty heartily, forgetting her dignity as she caught Gertrude's glance. Then she remembered her position and stiffened. "You'll like it when you get used to it." She stiffened still more. "I've no doubt you'll make a very good cook."

"I know I shall find it perfectly fascinating," Gertrude replied with a gravity that was only to be attained by lowering the lashes over her eyes, and made way for the other applicant, Mr. Steven Hugg, who was accepted with the conservative enthusiasm that was due his broad shoulders.

With Doubtless the Most Sinister of Intentions

Gertrude went back of the Doty tent, where she found Grace busy with the camp cooking-outfit.

"I'm the new cook," she briefly explained. "I've come to be showed me duties, ma'am," and she made a sweeping courtesy.

Grace blushed. She was the one who was embarrassed. She wrapped her hands in her apron and dreaded to look up. She heard a strange sound and stole a glance. Gertrude was tittering, but she instantly stopped and resumed her demure expression. For a moment the two girls surveyed each other doubtfully and then—they giggled! They giggled and sat down to giggle more. They giggled until the tears came to their eyes, and then they kissed and brushed the tears away and giggled again.

XII

STEVEN HUGG went over and explained matters at home.

"I'm just glad of it," said his mother vigorously, bustling indoors to hunt an old wrapper. "I don't exactly like the Doty cooking, anyhow."

Mr. Hugg went right over to see Mr. Doty.

"I reckon you're right about this credit business," he began philosophically. "We have no right to look to you now to support us on the slim chance of getting your pay outside of those cliffs. But, by ginger, I don't see where you get the right to claim all the land in Pike's Cove!"

"I don't," promptly replied Mr. Doty. "There's just fourteen of us here, and I suggest that we divide the tillable land into fourteen equal shares and each take one of them."

"Uh-huh," mused Mr. Hugg. "That would give you six shares, counting in this Mr. Swain, and me only three."

"Well, I've got six people to support on it, too, and you only three," retorted Mr. Doty.

Mr. Hugg paused to reflect.

"I don't know but you're right," he finally admitted. "I'll agree to divide up that way if the rest will."

"They'll all be willing, I think," blandly replied Mr. Doty. "By the way, what did you reckon you'd do with your land?"

Mr. Hugg stopped thinking. He had been hit across the eyes with a figurative wet rag. When he came out of his stunned condition, he revolved the proposition over very fully in his mind.

"By George!" he exclaimed at last with a grin of admiration. "You've got us! You have the seed you were taking out for your farm, and we have nothing to plant on our allotments. You have the only rifle, the only ammunition, the only fishing-tackle, the only implements, the only horse and cow. Humph! What wages do you offer?"

"Oh, I haven't just figured it out," Mr. Doty complacently rejoined, "but it will be as near like it was back in the States as I can get to it—just about enough to keep soul and body together, and lay by a little for a rainy day if you're real industrious and frugal and do without most of the things you'd like to have."

"That's easy enough," said Mr. Hugg, contemptuously taking on the handicap. "Look here! I've done it before, and I can do it again, and like it, and I'll bet that I even up with your pile before we both die, if we're spared any length of time! I suppose, though, that you'll advance the prices of whatever necessities you control about the

time you see any of us beginning to accumulate too much to suit you."

"Like they do back in the States? Well, I guess so, maybe. It's up to me to look out for the interests of Capital, you know," and Mr. Doty swung from his heels to his toes and back again with vast satisfaction and a new feeling of virtuous responsibility. "There won't be any need of that for some time to come, though, because when everybody starts they will be in debt to me, and they'll have to give mortgages on their fourteenths of land to square that, to begin with. That safeguards Capital for a while."

"And you figure on having all the land in the end!" concluded Mr. Hugg with sudden heat. "Look here, Doty, you're using your opportunities to mighty selfish ends. You ought to share your advantages with your fellow-men. Give us all an equal start, at least. You start right in from the jump to be an oppressor—to reduce us all to a condition of slavery—to be a typical plutocrat!"

It was Mr. Doty's turn to stop thinking. A plutocrat! He! When the shock had worn off he pondered the matter in wonder for a time, and then a slow smile of ineffable satisfaction wreathed his features. He was a changed man.

"Well, so I am!" he exclaimed delightedly. "Who'd have thought it!"

Mr. Hugg regarded the plutocrat in stupefied silence for a long moment, and then he went home to tell his troubles to his wise and helpful wife.

Mr. Vanstarvesynt, distinctly annoyed, was the next caller. His visit was due to a remark with which Gertrude had just swept home to crush her mother.

"Do you know where my oldest dress is?" she had asked the horrified Mrs. Vanstarvesynt. "I've engaged to the Dotys as cook."

Mr. Vanstarvesynt in consequence came to Mr. Doty full of stern dignity.

"I hope that I am mistaken," he said. "It is certainly impossible that you think of persuading my daughter, who was presented at the Court of England last season, and who has had proposals of marriage from nobility itself, to actually do your kitchen-work!"

"She was the first one that applied for the job," Mr. Doty calmly replied. "My wife kind of liked her looks and hired her on the spot. As far as *her* working is concerned, I'm expecting you to turn out with the boys to-morrow morning, yourself. I'm figuring on building a nice, big house, and I count on you to trim the logs according to measure after Steve Hugg cuts 'em down."

"Sir!" said Mr. Vanstarvesynt, preserving his patience with all his splendid fortitude. "Do I understand that you look forward to *my* help in building your house?"

"You do. Of course I oughtn't to pay you full wages, you being such a green hand, but I will, and expect you to do your best to make it up to me after you get broke in."

"But do you realize who I am?" persisted the other, the perspiration beginning to moisten his hatband. "My father was General Vanstarvesynt. My grandfather was Judge Vanstarvesynt. My great-grandfather was Governor Vanstarvesynt. My great-great ——"

"We'll start to work kind of early in the morning, Van," Mr. Doty interrupted, and went back into the tent, leaving Mr. Vanstarvesynt gazing idiotically at the lake, one lobe of his brain feverishly trying to count the seven birds that swept low above its dimpling bosom. Van! *Van !!* VAN!!!

So order quickly succeeded to chaos. Mrs. Doty kindly sent out formal invitations, per Jimmy, for the peasantry to take dinner at the Doty table, and there were no absentees. Mrs. Doty wore her best dress and a gracious air, and Mr. Doty wore his white vest outfit and made a speech.

"To-morrow morning Pike's Cove enters upon a new era of great activity," he said. "This is a pleasant and a fruitful land, and it holds prosperity for all. Remember that industry and frugality are the poor man's best friends, and that all wealth comes from the soil. In order that you may acquire habits of independence I have decided to set you all up for yourselves, furnishing you, on credit, with a full cooking outfit, and supplying you with provisions at reasonable prices. This will be much better than making you dependents, as you would be if I boarded you all, and will also best serve the interest of Capital, the welfare of which Providence has seen fit to place in my keeping. My friends, it is my hope that Labor and Capital may work in harmony, hand in hand for our mutual benefit, and I wish you all health and wealth and happiness under the new and prosperous administration of affairs."

It was a magnificent speech, and Mr. Doty was very proud of it, after the fashion of capitalists, landed proprietors and kindly autocrats the world over.

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Hugg with a grim smile, and started the applause.

Mr. Doty looked at him suspiciously.

XIII

AFTER dinner, Mr. Hugg and his helpmate had a long and earnest conference in their bungalow, the result of which was apparent about an hour later when all the men were out dividing up the tillable land among them, according to Mr. Doty's proposal. Mrs. Doty had resumed her seat

"Seems to Me You're Rather Fixed Up This Afternoon," She Ventured

in front of the tent, looking placidly about her domains, while Gertrude Vanstarvesynt took a hilarious lesson in dish-washing.

Mrs. Vanstarvesynt was staying resolutely within doors, trying to comprehend the awful truth. Mrs. Hugg, on the contrary, blazed suddenly out on her porch, dressed in her most stunning gown, a lavender silk with white lace trimming in profusion. A diamond tiara was in her carefully-arranged hair, a diamond necklace lay upon her broad bosom, a diamond bracelet creased her plump wrist, three diamond rings clasped her fingers, and in her hand she held a gold-mounted lorgnette with which she condescendingly surveyed the lake.

Mrs. Doty gazed spellbound upon this radiant vision, which flaunted, and denied her own claims to the social leadership of Pike's Cove. What is a throne without diadem and sceptre and regal robes? Nothing. Mrs. Doty gazed and gazed. And gazed. She could not help herself. Mrs. Hugg was perfectly unconscious of the gaze. She merely rearranged her skirts. The rustle could be heard clear over to the Doty tent. Mrs. Doty tried to look away, but she could not. Her eyes constantly wandered to where Mrs. Hugg sat in her—of course—unconsciously insolent glory. She grew more and more restless, and finally, unable longer to resist, walked slowly over past the Hugg bungalow. She made as if to go on by, as if she was merely indulging in a genteel promenade. Out of the corner of her eye she could see that Mrs. Hugg was still complacently gazing right over her head and across the lake. She came to a stop.

"Fine day, Mrs. Hugg," she affably observed.

Mrs. Hugg slowly came back from the horizon, recognizing Mrs. Doty with a careless smile that was plainly urged by courtesy only.

"Very fine, indeed," she replied, and then returned to the horizon.

Mrs. Doty felt that she had permission to move on, but instead she came a little nearer.

"Seems to me you're rather fixed up this afternoon," she ventured with what she fully intended to be a careless little laugh of neighborly banter.

"Well, yes," agreed Mrs. Hugg with sudden cordiality. "Come up and sit down. This is the last day, you know, and I thought I'd rather like to wear my best again before everything turned topsyturvy. I only wore this dress once—at the White House ball in Washington. It's the very latest style. I'm going to lay it away this evening, and put on an old wrapper in the morning."

Mrs. Doty's eyes glistened. They almost watered.

"It will be a pity to lay it away where it won't do you any good," she remarked. "It's an awful pretty dress. It would about fit me, with a little taking up."

"It would be a little full," assented Mrs. Hugg, critically surveying Mrs. Doty's figure, which was almost as ample as her own. "I've got two spools of thread, to match, that I saved."

Mrs. Doty caught her breath and made the plunge.

"Maybe—maybe you'd like to sell it, if you don't count on using it any more? It won't be worth much to you, layin' around that way."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Hugg. "I might, maybe."

"How much would you want?" eagerly asked the social leader.

Mrs. Hugg studied the tensely anxious look on the other woman's face, and snapped her jaws.

"One-fourth of all your provisions, one-fourth of all your seeds, including potatoes, a spade and a hoe and a rake and the use of your plow and harrow for three days apiece, besides the set of tin dishes and the cooking outfit that we're to get anyhow."

The light died out of Mrs. Doty's eyes.

"There ain't no use to talk about it," she sighed. "I know William's plans. He's set."

"There's no man so set that his wife can't manage him if she just makes up her mind to do it," said Mrs. Hugg sagely. "I forgot to say that this diamond tiara goes with the dress."

"Oh!" faintly exclaimed Mrs. Doty. She could say no more.

"They're real diamonds," Mrs. Hugg carelessly went on. "I don't mind telling you, though, that this necklace is imitation. We got it made to be stolen in place of the real ones, but got them mixed ourselves. I wouldn't mind throwing the necklace in."

Mrs. Doty feasted her eyes on these glittering treasures for a while, and then she arose with a desperate resolve.

"Would you mind settin' here just the way you are for a little while?" asked Mrs. Doty.

"I had intended to, anyhow," replied Mrs. Hugg, and resumed her lorgnette survey of the horizon which lay away and beyond the red cliffs that shut out her actual vision.

Mrs. Doty sent Grace after her husband. Mrs. Hugg could see that a warm argument sprang up the moment the plutocrat joined his wife. With a sidelong glance she could also see Mrs. Doty pointing her out, and presently the plutocrat was dragged, most unwillingly, past the Hugg bungalow. Mrs. Hugg was calmly unaware that they passed and repassed her, or that Mrs. Doty, as they went by on the return trip, was placing a wild money appraisement on the tiara. The argument became quite gesticulative as the couple regained the Doty tent, waxing more and more active until at last Mrs. Doty sat down upon a camp stool and sobbed.

Then Mrs. Hugg breathed easier.

Mr. Doty stood above his wife in awkward perplexity for full two minutes, and then he bent over her in the usual manner of men who have fought the good fight only to realize what brutes they have been. He raised her, protesting, to her feet, but she kept her hands over her face. He drew the hands away with a struggle and made the humble amends of affection, and they stood for a moment in calmer conversation. Then they separated, Mrs. Doty darting for the Hugg bungalow, and Mr. Doty going back to the estate. Mrs. Hugg distinctly heard him swear as he went around the corner of the tent.

"Could you let me have 'em right away?" Mrs. Doty eagerly asked, smiling through the rapidly drying tears.

Mrs. Hugg promptly handed over the tiara and the necklace.

"I'll give you the dress in ten minutes," she said, and went inside, carefully checking the impulse to break into song. When she came back out, Mrs. Doty was wearing the diamonds and practicing with the lorgnette. Really, she was not making such a bad stagger at it.

"I'll let you have that lorgnette for a fishing-reel, six fish-hooks and two good, stout lines," tempted Mrs. Hugg.

"I'll do it," said Mrs. Doty. The lorgnette was actually needed. There is nothing so haughty as a lorgnette.

XIV

GRACE DOTY, as usual, came out very early to fish on the morning after the social upheaval, and she brought the usual two poles. She had barely become settled when Steven Hugg came down from the forest with a can of bait and a sapling pole. He did not seem to appreciate that he might have company, but cast in his line at the far end of the beach, where he fished most assiduously, meeting with splendid success. Grace reflected. Three separate times she reeled in and unjointed her pole, then rejointed and cast, but at last she gathered up her paraphernalia and strolled toward the successful angler.

"The fishing seems to be better down here," she observed.

"Yes, it is, thank you," he politely assured her. "I don't think I've been here over twenty minutes, and I've already got enough for breakfast."

He had been carefully extricating his hook from a fish as she came up, and now he began to reel up his line.

"You're not going to quit so soon!" she exclaimed.

"Really, I must," he replied. "I have no time to spare. By the time breakfast is over, I shall be due to shoulder the axe. Mr. Vanstarvesynt and I are to begin on the lumber for your house this morning, while Cleve plows on your farm."

Once more Grace reflected.

"Please don't be spiteful," she said. She was a young lady of singular directness. "I couldn't help it."

Steven sat down and fished a bit longer.

After breakfast Jimmy Doty met Master Belmont over by the boiling spring.

"My paw's got more money than your paw," observed Jimmy.

"My father is a gentleman," retorted Master Belmont. That one remark showed how much the boy had degenerated. It would have shocked his father inexpressibly.

Jimmy studied the reply for a moment with clenched fist.

"My paw k'n lick your paw," he taunted.

"You can't lick me," evaded Master Belmont.

"I k'n lick you with m' little finger!"

"Do it! Do it!"

"I'm a-goin' to."

"Do it! Do it, why don't you?"

Steven Hugg had been giving them boxing-lessons. They doubled their fists and put up their arms in approved fashion, circling around and around each other. The process was ever so much more indirect and tedious than the good old style of two slams and a clutch.

"Why don't you hit me?" complained Master Belmont.

"Why don't you hit *me?* You're afraid!" charged Jimmy.

"I'm not," indignantly replied Master Belmont. "*You're* afraid!"

"You're another!"

"You're another!"

"'Nuther!"

Once more they circled around and around each other, until Marquis of Queensberry tactics became tiresome.

"I know where there's a dandy hornets' nest," remarked Jimmy.

"Where?" asked Master Belmont, and that settled the social question for them from that time forth.

The Romance merely went on holding hands. The rest of the colony slid naturally into the changed conditions after a day or two. It is possible to get used to anything. Mrs. Vanstarvesynt alone remained unreconciled.

The building of the Doty residence was not allowed to lag for a moment, and, when it was completed, it seemed a most pretentious structure, occupying the former place of the white tent, where it totally dwarfed the two insignificant bungalows. It had a wide living-room through the centre from front to back, two big rooms on each side of this, a wide fireplace, and a broad, covered porch along the entire front. For the first time in the history of Pike's Cove, the important-looking structure in the very centre of the colony was occupied by the most important family.

There is no way to express the delight, calmed and tempered by dignity, with which Mrs. Doty took possession of her new quarters. She had saved her remodeled lavender silk dress for the occasion, and for the first three solid days she wore it, sitting on the porch in solitary state, and, gleaming in her diamond tiara and paste necklace, serenely lorgnetted the red cliffs across the lake.

But not even a lorgnette with a gold handle could take the place of society forever, and Mrs. Doty finally grew discontented.

"I wish I could give a party," she wistfully observed.

"Why don't you, then?" her husband wonderingly asked.

"There's nobody to invite," she complained. "Who ever heard of a society leader giving a party to the hired hands and their folks?"

Alas, she had achieved the very acme of social aloofness, an eminence so vast that none might call her sister, and still she was not content! She lorgnetted the lake for two more lonely days, and then she capitulated.

"I'm going to give that party and invite everybody," she announced the next morning as she arose, but she did not just then, for the two elder Vanstarvesynts, cut down by unaccustomed toil and bad cooking, took desperately ill, and it was a joy to see how Mrs. Hugg and Mrs. Doty forgot social distinctions and nursed them back to health.

XV

MRS. DOTY'S party in honor of the recovery of Mr. and Mrs. Vanstarvesynt was largely attended, there being fourteen present, in all, and it was on this night that G. Russell Cleve proposed his fifteenth corporation.

"I don't know what this stuff is," he remarked, dragging a lump of reddish ore from his pocket, "but there's so much of it that we ought to be able to hang a company around it. The South Pacific and Golden Gate Red Ore Company would be all right, no matter what the stuff turned out to be."

He was balancing the bit of ore in his hand at the time, and it happened to drop on the toes of Mr. Swain.

"Why, that's cinnabar," remarked the half Romance. "A very fine grade, I should say. Friend of mine in Valparaiso owns a rich mine of it, and I've seen dozens of samples of this ore in his office."

"Cinnabar!" exclaimed Mr. Hugg, reaching out for the specimen. "That's the stuff from which they extract quicksilver. There's about a million tons of it in this cove, thrown right to the surface. If we could get out of here, we would never offer stock in this company to the public. It's too good. The public couldn't stand the shock of being allowed to purchase a real money-making stock. We'd mine the stuff ourselves, and there ought to be enough of it here to make us at least a cool million apiece. It would be really worth your while, Mr. Vanstarvesynt, to dispose of some of your bonds, and invest, say, a hundred thousand in the development of this business, provided, of course, that these samples should assay right. I would be willing to put up that sum for myself and an equal amount for Steven. Mr. Cleve could run the American end of it, while Mr. Doty and Mr. Swain could take the resident management of the mines. This is a delightful place to live in—if it could only be kept in connection with the world."

The men eagerly discussed the quicksilver project, while the women plunged deep into the delight of canning recipes. The party as a whole was being conducted with the utmost cordiality that had ever existed in Pike's Cove. Neighborly love was the keynote of the whole gathering, and true democracy was to be the creed in Pike's Cove from that moment forth—with certain mental reservations. In short, the spots of three families of strongly-marked leopards were to be completely eradicated—washed away as if they had never been.

The young people, even, were enthusiastic subscribers to the doctrine of brotherly and sisterly love, but they vaguely felt, though no one of the four had the hardihood to express it, that their civilization lacked one vital, uplifting principle—the grace of religion. They felt that the presence of a minister among them would make their colony more perfect and rounded.

It was nearly time for the party to break up when there were shouts and the sounds of running feet, and the two boys burst breathlessly into the house.

"Piruts!" exclaimed Jimmy with bulging eyes. "Spanish piruts! Back up there by the rocks. They ——"

Mr. Doty had fixed his son with a terrible glare from the first word, and now he grabbed the vociferous youngster by the collar.

"I wouldn't mind it so much if you'd had sense enough to think up a new trick," he observed, and then firmly dragged the protesting Jimmy out of the back door.

Master Belmont viewed the proceeding with open mouth, and then a broad grin swept away his blank expression.

"Really, we did see one," he began, laughing. "He hid when he saw us, and we ran for home as rapidly as we could."

A coolness settled down over the party. It was remembered very distinctly by all present that on the occasion of the Indian canard Master Belmont had confessed that they had both intended to "stick to the story forever" had not Jimmy been compelled to laugh. Jimmy was not laughing this time, but quite the contrary, as they could hear at the moment.

"Chalmers," suggested Mrs. Vanstarvesynt, eager to show her entire conversion, "would it not be well to follow the methods of true democracy in this case as well as in the other instances upon which we have resolved?"

"Exactly," replied her husband with a curious smile, and, impressed himself by the novelty of the thing, he placed his hand upon Master Belmont's collar, leading that young man out to where Mr. Doty was vigorously at work. The ensuing duet met with unanimous approval. Paucity of invention richly deserved punishment, especially in a place where there was so little to amuse.

The joke of it, however, was that the boys had actually seen their "pirate," and the intruder was destined to have a startling influence upon the Pike's Cove colony.

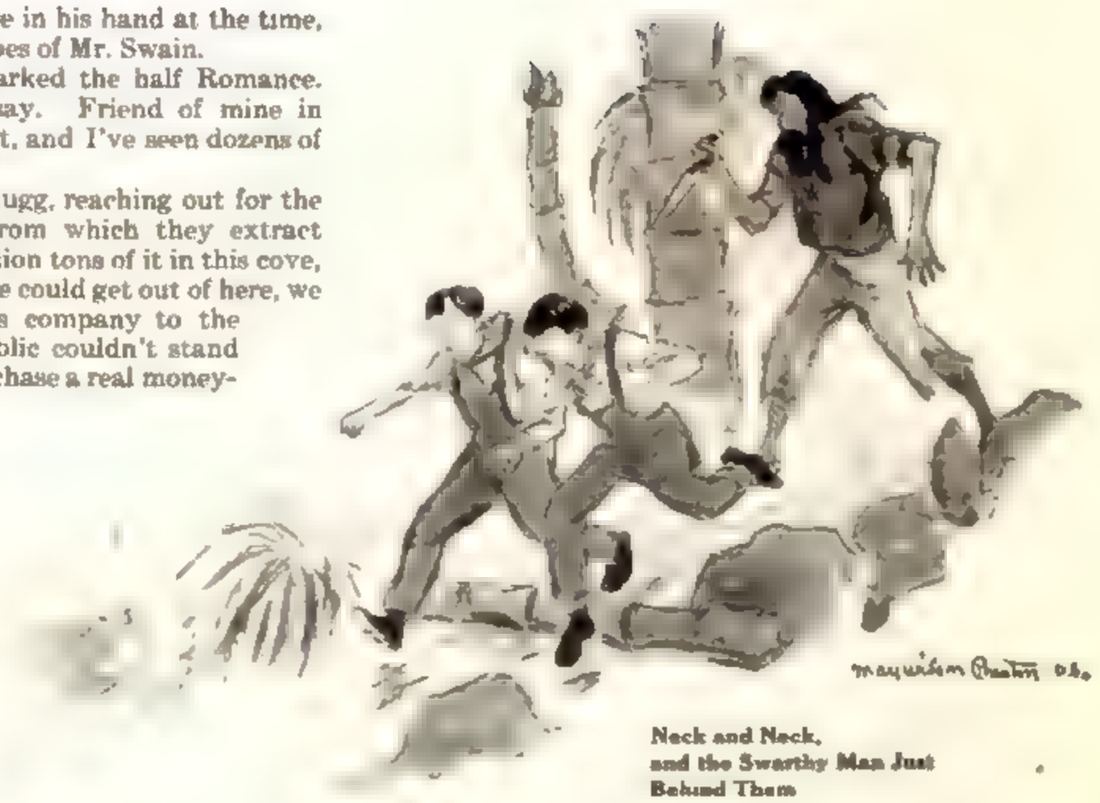
It was upon the next morning that one of the unspotted leopards made the discovery. Mr. Doty was out prospecting for game, and had penetrated to the red cliffs which marked the boundary of the cove upon the landward side. He had not been up here since the earthquake. Skirting along the cruel barrier which shut them off so effectually from the world, he came upon something which made him suddenly stop still and cock his gun. Jimmy's pirate stood before him!

It was an irregular-looking sort of a pirate, to be sure, wearing a tattered straw hat with a foolish peak, a pair of tattered trousers, and a blouse that was shamefully ragged. He was thin and gaunt, too, and he was in his bare feet, but he was extremely dark skinned, even for a Spaniard, and he stood upon the edge of the cliff, looking down upon Pike's Cove with doubtless the most sinister of intentions.

"Hey!" called Mr. Doty.

The Spanish pirate turned and cast one look at the gun Mr. Doty held upon a level with his one serviceable blouse button, and then he threw up both hands.

"Hey!" said the Spanish pirate. "What kin o' th' Pargises air you-all?"



Neck and Neck, and the Swarthy Man Just Behind Them

XVI

MR. DOTY dropped the butt of his gun to the ground in amazement.

"What?" he gasped.

"Hain't you-all no kin to th' Pargises?"

"Pargises? Pargises?" repeated Mr. Doty, bewildered. "I don't know any Pargises. What do you mean?"

"Oh!" said the pirate, relieved, and slowly clambered down from the hedge.

Then the truth dawned upon Mr. Doty.

"You must be one of the Harcums?" he ventured.

"Bloody Jud," replied the pirate with modest pride. "Boun' over t' keep th' peace, an' th' only way t' keep it were t' move out'n th' U-nited States. It does me good jes' t' hear you-all talk! Y'ain't heerd o' none o' th' Pargises bein' shot up none lately, hev ye?"

"Old Lem Pargis died the week before I came away," replied Mr. Doty, the name of Pargis perfectly familiar to him now. "The papers were full of it. He was the first Pargis that's died in bed for fifty years."

"They'll turn 'im out o' hell!" exclaimed the pirate, smacking his fist in his palm. "He-all were a disgrace to th' State o' Kaintucky! An' so he died in bed? It's too blamed bad. I got seven boys over yan, that k'n shoot th' eye out'n a squirrel in th' top of a tree, an' I 'lowed t' sen' 'em back t' git ole Lem, one at a time as they all growed up. *They* hain't boun' over t' keep no peace."

"Over yan!" That was the part of the speech which made Mr. Doty prick up his ears.

"Where do you live?" he asked with sudden keen interest.

"Over yander, through th' cliff," said Mr. Harcum with a jerk of his thumb. "'Mongst all them Greasers. They-all air a powerful dirty set."

Part of the pirate's swarthy complexion came from the sun and the wind, but the balance, the preponderating balance, was due to the color of the soil "over yan." Mr. Doty shuddered at the idea of the unspeakable "Greasers."

"It does me good to hear you-all talk!" said the pirate again. "I knowed you-all down there talked U-nited States, an' I was jes' a-reckonin' about comin' down t' sell you-all some good corn-licker."

Mr. Doty followed him back along the cliff. At a point where a clump of bushes hid the cliff from the settlement, the pirate disappeared. Mr. Doty, stepping behind the bushes, found himself confronted by an opening in the cliff, a narrow crack that extended from the ground to fully forty feet above him, where it was stopped off by a

(Continued on Page 18)

"Come to Apply for a Place?" He Asked Kindly

THE QUEST *of the* COLONIAL

By Robert and Elizabeth SHACKLETON

Scenes from the Village in Which We Took the Census of Old Furniture

The Field in New York and Vicinity

NEW YORK, the exponent of the present, the representative of the modern, the strenuous city of the twentieth century, in which no crime is so serious as being of the past, would scarcely be looked upon as a place for the collector of the antique. Yet in New York City there is much that is old, and in its near vicinity there is even more. There are, too, in New York, as residents or transients, more people seeking for the old than seek for it in any other of our cities, and therefore the demand is met with a supply, even if the supply is far from being in every case all that it might be.

One comes to know of many a beautiful piece in private ownership and to divine that there must be in all a vast number; and, wherever things are, the collector who has faith and experience knows that possibilities of securing them must from time to time arise.

Of course, there are great shops where antiques, or alleged antiques, are sold, but, for ourselves, we came to prefer the pleasure of dropping in upon a curious old Austrian, who keeps a little shop in rather a shabby part of the city.

A man of curious personal history he; twenty-one years he served in the Austrian army, and fourteen of those years was stationed as a soldier in Venice. He and his four brothers were in the crushing defeat of Solferino; and, of the five, only he escaped with life.

His shop, as one would expect, is like a shop on a quiet street of a foreign town. He always has about the same row of dusty pewter mugs and jugs, the same stand of arms, the same group of fire-irons and brasses and samovars, the same dusty old bronze lamps and hot-water dishes; but somewhere in that shop is always some bit of treasure. Perhaps it is a helmet coal-scuttle, perhaps a silver candlestick, perhaps a pewter tankard, a brass fender, a tall clock, a Sheffield tray, an old mirror-frame.

His is not the smart shop of big prices. His is that happy find—a "shabby shop!"

His prices have gone up somewhat with the passing of the years. He will tell you that things are harder to get than they used to be before the growth of interest in antiques, and that now "when I go to an auction on Long Island I can hardly get through the crowd of carriages at the door." Naturally enough, the helmet coal-scuttle, in brass, for two dollars, is now but a memory of six years ago; now, at eight dollars each, they stay with him but a day. But there are other things on which prices have not proportionately changed.

The Little Shop of the Old Austrian

To the favored few he gives the key to his cabinet of small and precious things; gives it and turns away to leave one in peace to look over the seals and miniatures and ivory-bound prayer-books and tortoise-shell snuff-boxes of generations ago. It is a fetching process, this exploration; it seldom fails of the resultant "How much?"—and then there will be two or three things set together and the old Austrian will teeter up and down on his toes and say: "So much for the lot!"

A type, this, of an interesting class of dealers that is supposed never to have existed in this country or to have passed away; and yet he and such as he, although in limited number, may be unearthed.

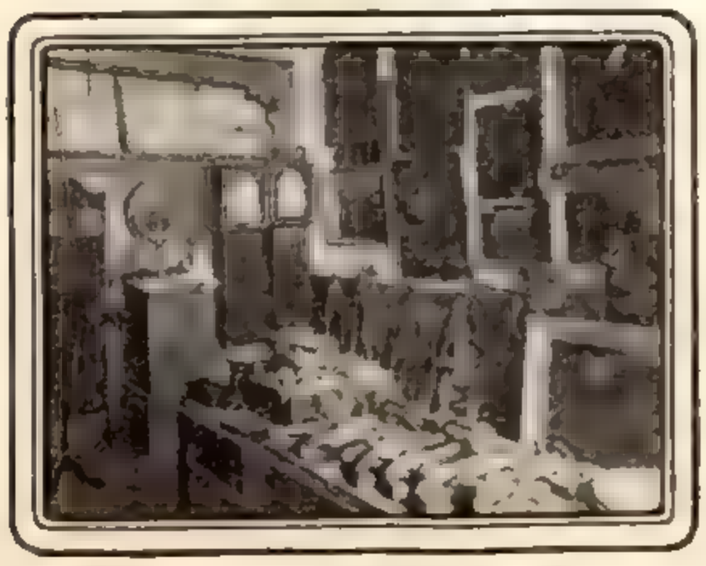
In the neighborhood of New York there are many small towns where treasures of old furniture can still be found. What used to be the most promising of these towns is on Long Island, within pleasant trolley distance of the city, and it should be described, for, like the shop of the Solferino veteran, it is typical of a class.

An old man, himself a lover of the antique, bought and stored a prodigious number of old tables and chairs, bureaus and desks, andirons and fenders and candlesticks. His was distinctly one of the "shabby shops," to use again a term beloved of the collector. No cabinet-maker's strategy improved his pieces, no smell of linseed oil or shellac marked efforts to brighten their dinginess. There were the dust and the smell and the breakages that go with so many of the things of long ago.

The owner of this great collection spent his time in looking for more. Although his stock filled an old-fashioned country store, three barns and an attic, there was not room for all his acquisitions, and we have seen a bandy-legged claw-and-ball table beside the hencoop, exposed to the weather, and several old sofas, of no mean design, with only tarpaulin to cover their gray hairs. No, he really did not want to sell! He wanted to gather in. A Sheraton sofa was picked out—but he did not want it to leave his sight. He evaded putting a price on it. He showed a poor and featureless one and offered that instead. He had little to say and little to sell. He was a veritable miser of old furniture!

He died, not long after this, and his heirs showed clearly that they were not of his way of thinking. For all the shabby old treasures were sent to Fifth Avenue, and during six days' rapid selling, following wide advertising, they were auctioned to make a New York holiday. They were sold in their shabby, unrepaired condition, so that the buyers could see precisely what they were getting, but there was the proviso that every article should be put in perfect condition, and be properly polished, before delivery.

This occurred but recently, and is another example of twentieth-century opportunities. By way of contrast there has sprung up in the immediate vicinity of New York, within driving or easy automobiling distance of the city, a new type of shop, fascinating in appearance, where the wares are spread through sundry rooms, with an air of furnishing rather than of display, and where in the midst of a glow of polished mahogany and Sheffield plate luncheon and tea are served, so that while you eat you are tempted. The opportunity for talk while tea is sipped leads to many a purchase, large and small, and a most delightful sort of shopkeeping is thus carried on. As to reliability and genuineness, it is merely as it is everywhere else—that is, the judgment of the buyer himself must always in the last resort be relied upon to pick the true from the false.



Interior of the Little Shop of the Old Austrian

Interior of "At the Sign of the Green Teapot"

It is one thing to state, in broad generalization, that within the immediate vicinity of New York there are countless articles of old furniture; it is another to tell definitely what some particular locality can show, so that the collector may be stimulated to new efforts and a deeper enthusiasm.

And so, selecting one single village, we took its furniture census.

The village is less than two hours by rail from New York; it is a village of ancestry, of the leaven of the Colonies and the Revolution. It is, too, a village in whose vicinity, upon little lanes and crossroads, still dwell colored folk, lineal descendants of those slaves of New York who were not freed until three-quarters of a century ago.

The village has more old furniture than some; it has less than others; it may therefore well stand as an example of what still exists in some of the towns not far from the metropolis.

For sale? Most fortunately, no! For if the old-time treasures were all upon the market the field would all too soon be exhausted. And yet, by chance or mischance, almost anything is apt sometime to be obtainable. The piece which cannot, to-day, be purchased at any price, may be for sale to-morrow. And when such things are for sale, it would please those who have long treasured them to know that they are to pass into the hands of such as shall long treasure them in turn.

Here, literally enumerated, naught to exaggerate nor aught set down excessively, is what is there.

Beginning on the outskirts of the village, there is a rambling old house, connected with the literary history of a bygone generation, and in this house there are silver candlesticks and two silver candelabra, a Chippendale chair, a set of fine old Canton china, and two good corner cupboards built into a wainscoted wall.

Next comes a still more ancient house: a picturesquely low-eaved cottage, sheltered under the shoulder of a hill; and here are an Empire sofa, an old settee, rush-seated and slender-spoked, blue coverlets, and, chief pride of the cottage, a fine armchair that was made more than a century and a half ago.

Another house; and here are a grandfather's clock, old silver, Windsor chairs, and a Heppelwhite sideboard sadly broken but with all the fragments carefully kept with intent to repair.

Continuing, we reach a house whose stately charm, antedating the Revolution, lies in gambrel roof, and small-paned windows, and felicitous chimneys, and white paint, and perfect proportion of parts, and magnificent encompassing trees. And it holds wealth of the old-fashioned, to match such an exterior—chests of drawers, innumerable tables, a tall clock, a wardrobe with bonnet top, a cabinet, a sideboard and many chairs. On the door is an old brass knocker.

The setting down of these literal facts must seem like a fairy tale to those who believe that almost all old-fashioned furniture has been seized upon.

In another house there is a really splendid chest of drawers, there are old brass fenders, blue and white coverlets, blue china, a particularly beautiful pair of brass tongs, a grandfather's clock, a brass knocker, an old tip-table, and, until recently, there lay, forgotten and neglected, in the wagon-shed, a fine old sofa, which needed but renovation to make it an ornament to any house.

Chippendale chairs Windsor chairs, an Empire sideboard with pillars and claws, a mirror—such is the treasure of another house; and, continuing the furniture census, we next note a shabby little old dwelling, unpainted, inhabited by an aged widow, where there is a full tea-set of beautiful Lowestoft, a pair of andirons, and a tall clock.

Across the street from this house is one in which are an old Dutch wardrobe, paneled, of oak, a four-post bed, a rare mantel clock in brass and mahogany, a lustre pitcher, a chest of drawers, a bookcase with paneled glass, and a brass knocker.

A little down the street, and there stands a house wherein is a fine old set of drawers. Until a few years ago the house was furnished from top to bottom with things ancient, most of which were widely scattered at an auction following the owner's death. Another house, and we find an old mirror; in another, a Sheraton desk; another, cranes and pothooks.

Then a house where, until recently, there were a number of splint-bottom and Windsor chairs, which some one from New York, finding that the owner would sell, purchased for twenty-five cents apiece.

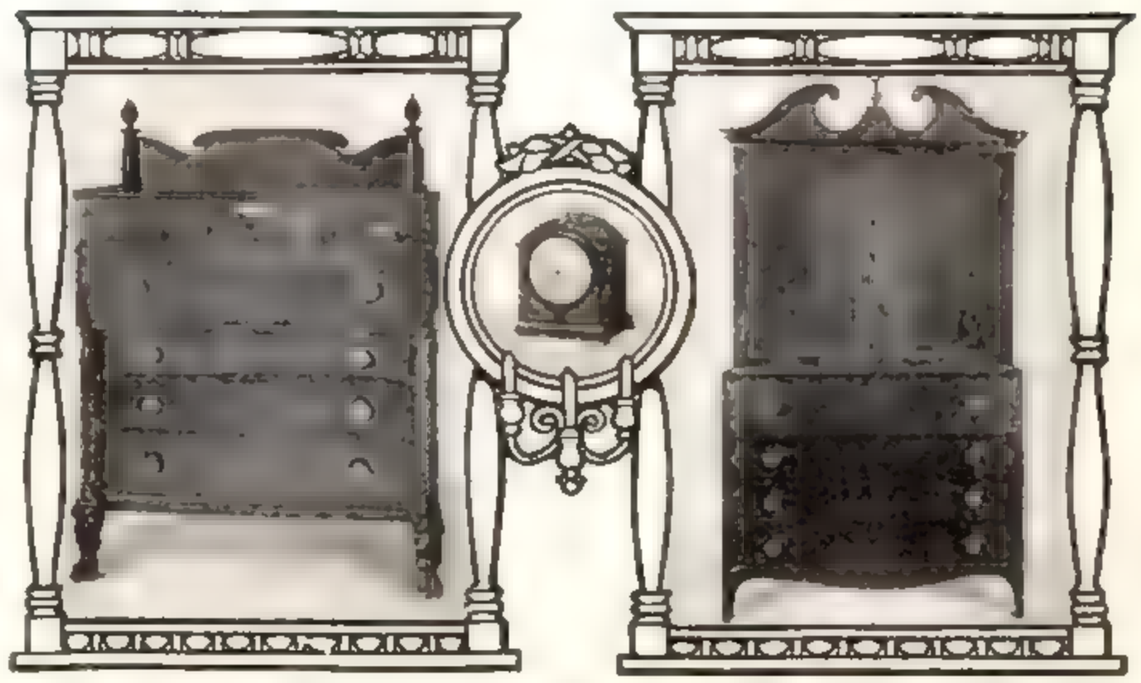
Another house shows a brass door-knocker; another has a candlestand and a fine desk. And then comes one, lived in by a venerable man, whose taste, running to the modern, has filled his old white house with furniture of the latest design, while his attic is crowded with old-fashioned pieces which he will not even think of parting with and which he rarely permits any one to see, he being over ninety and not much liking to be disturbed. A brass knocker on the side door, the fifth thus far in this little village, is the only sign that the building holds anything of old-time note.

Another house, and there is a rare set of three dining-tables, rope-legged, and of mahogany; there is a brass fender; there is an old-fashioned dressing-glass and table; there are old blue dishes; there is an old traveling-case, of mahogany and brass, with its bottles and drinking-glasses.

Another house has an old and desirable sideboard, which a dealer's recent offer of twenty-five dollars did not tempt the owner to part with, and a brass knocker. In another there is a mirror of mahogany, with ormolu mounting. Another has a Sheraton table, a bandy-legged table, a knocker, and chairs and candlesticks. In the next a banjo clock had just been sold. In another are a Chippendale chair, a mirror with acorn drops, old-time silhouettes, a mahogany dining-table, and tea-tables of ancient make.

Almost through the little village now, we come to a house in which are an unusually beautiful chest of drawers

(Concluded on Page 21)



1—Fine Empire Chest of Drawers, with Rosette Brasses: in the Village in Which We Took the Old Furniture Census. 2 Clock, in Brass Openwork and Mahogany: About the Period of the Revolution; Also in the Village of the Old Furniture Census. 3—Linen Chest, Mahogany, of the End of the Eighteenth Century. This is in an Old Westchester County House

The Hall at Stenton, the Home of Logan, the Secretary of William Penn. Brick Paved. Wainscoted. One of the Rare Examples of a Corner Fireplace in an Early House

THE FIGHTING CHANCE

VII

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF IOLE, ETC.

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THE days of the house-party at Shotover were numbered. A fresh relay of guests was to replace them on Monday, and so they were making the most of the waning week on lawn and marsh, in covert and blind, or motoring madly over the State, or riding in parties to Vermilion Light. Tennis and lawn bowls came into fashion; even water polo and squash alternated on days too raw for more rugged sport.

And during all these days Beverly Plank appeared with unflagging persistence and assiduity, until his familiar big, round head and patient, delft-blue, Dutch eyes became a matter of course at Shotover, indoors and out.

It was not that he was either accepted, tolerated or endured; he was simply there, and nobody took the trouble to question his all-pervading presence until everybody had become too much habituated to him to think about it at all.

The accomplished establishment of Beverly Plank was probably due as much to his own obstinate and good-tempered persistence as to Mrs. Mortimer. He was a Harvard graduate—there are all kinds of them—enormously wealthy, and though he had no particular personal tastes to gratify, he was willing and able to gratify the tastes of others. He did whatever anybody else did, and did it well enough to be amusing; and as lack of intellectual development never barred anybody from any section of the fashionable world, it seemed fair to infer that he would land where he wanted to, sooner or later.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Mortimer led him about with the confidence that was her perquisite; and the chances were that in due time he would have house-parties of his own at Black Fells—not the kind he had wisely denied himself the pleasure of giving, with such neighbors as the Ferralls to observe, but the sort he desired. However, there were many things to be accomplished for him and by him before he could expect to use his great yacht and his estates and his shooting-boxes and the vast granite mansion recently completed and facing Central Park, just north of the new palaces built on the edges of the outer dessert where Fifth Avenue fringes the hundreds.

Meanwhile, he had become in a measure domesticated at Shotover, and Shotover people gradually came to ride, drive and motor over the Fells, which was a good beginning though not necessarily a promise for anything definite in the future.

Mortimer, riding a huge chestnut—he could still wedge himself into a saddle—had now made it a regular practice to affect the jocular early-bird squire, and drag Plank out of bed. And Plank, in no position to be anything but flattered by such *sans-gêne*, laboriously and gratefully splashed through his bath, wallowed amid the breakfast-plates, and mounted a hunter for long gallops with Mortimer.

His acquaintance among people who knew Mortimer being limited, he had no means of determining the latter's social value except through hearsay and a toadying newspaper or two. Therefore he was not yet aware of Mortimer's perennial need of money; and when Mortimer laughingly alluded to his poverty, Plank accepted the proposition in a purely comparative sense, and laughed, too, his thrifty Dutch soul untroubled by misgivings.

Meanwhile, Mortimer had come, among other things, on information; how much, and precisely of what nature, he was almost too much ashamed to admit definitely, even to himself. Still, the idea that had led him into this sudden intimacy with Plank, vague or not, persisted; and he was always hovering on the edge of hinting at something which might elicit a responsive hint from the flattered master of Black Fells.

There was much about Plank that was unaffected, genuine, even simple, in one sense; he cared for people for their own sakes; and only stubborn adherence to a dogged ambition had enabled him to dispense with the society of many people he might easily have cultivated and liked—people nearer his own sort; and that, perhaps, was the reason he so readily liked Mortimer, whose coarse fibre soon wore through the polish when rubbed against by a closer, finer fibre. And Plank liked him aside from gratitude; and they got on famously on the basis of such mutual recognition. Then, one day, very suddenly, Mortimer stumbled on something valuable—a thread, a mere clew,

And, Opening Their Eyes, They Turned Toward One Another with a Swift Outstretch of Hands

so astonishing that for an instant it absolutely upset all his unadmitted theories and calculations.

It was nothing—a vague word or two—a forced laugh—and the scared silence of this man Plank, who had blundered on the verge of a confidence to a man he liked.

A moment of amazement, of half-incredulous suspicion, of certainty; and Mortimer pounced playfully upon him like a tiger—a big, fat, friendly, jocose tiger:

"Plank, is *that* what you're up to!"

"Up to! Why, I never thought of such a——"

"Haw! haw!" roared Mortimer. "If you could only see your face!"

And Beverly Plank, red as a beet, comfortably suffused with reassurance under the reaction from his scare, attempted to refute the other's conclusions: "It doesn't mean anything, Mortimer. She's just the handsomest girl I ever saw. I know she's engaged. I only admired her a lot."

"You're not the only man," said Mortimer blandly, still striving to reconcile his preconceived theories with the awkward half-confession of this great, red-fisted, hulking horseman riding at his stirrup.

"I wouldn't have her dream," stammered Plank, "that I had ever thought of such a——"

"Why not? It would only flatter her."

"Flatter a woman who is engaged to marry another man!" gasped Plank.

"Certainly. Do you think any woman ever had enough admiration in this world?" asked Mortimer coolly. "And as for Sylvia Landis, she'd be tickled to death if anybody hinted that you had ever admired her."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Plank, alarmed; "you wouldn't make a joke of it! You wouldn't be careless about such a thing! And there's Quarrier! I'm not on joking terms with him; I'm on most formal terms."

"Quarrier!" sneered the other, flicking at his stirrup with his crop. "He's on formal terms with everybody, including himself. He never laughed on purpose in his life; once a month only, to keep his mouth in; that's his limit. Do you suppose any woman would stand for him if a better man looked sideways at her?" And, reversing his riding-crop, he deliberately poked Mr. Plank in the ribs.

"A—a better man!" muttered Plank, scarce crediting his ears.

"Certainly. A man who can *make* good, *is* good; but a man who can make *better* is *it* with the ladies—God bless 'em!" he added, displaying a heavy set of teeth.

Beverly Plank knew perfectly well that, in the comparison so delicately suggested by Mortimer, his material equipment could be scarcely compared to the immense fortune controlled by Howard Quarrier; and as he thought it, his reflections were put into words by Mortimer:

"Nobody stands a chance in a show-down with Quarrier. But——"

Plank gaped until the tension became unbearable.

"But—what?" he blurted out.

"Plank," said Mortimer solemnly, and his voice vibrated with feeling, "let me do a little thinking before I ask you a—a vital question."

But Plank had become agitated again, and he said something so bluntly that Mortimer wheeled on him, glowering:

"Look here, Plank: you don't suppose I'm capable of repeating a confidence, do you?—if you choose to make me understand it's a confidence."

"It isn't a confidence; it isn't anything—I mean it *is* confidential, of course. All there's in it is what I said—or rather what you took me up on so fast," ended Plank, abashed

"About your being in love with Syl——"

"Confound it!" roared Plank, crimson to his hair; and he set his heavy spurs to his mount and plunged forward in a storm of dust. Mortimer followed, silent, profoundly immersed in his own thoughts and deductions; and as he pounded along, turning over in his mind all the varied information he had so unexpectedly obtained in these last few days, a dull excitement stirred him, and he urged his huge horse forward in a thrill of rising exhilaration such as seizes on men who hunt, no matter what they hunt—the savage sense of intoxication which marks the man who chases the quarry not for its own value, but because it is his nature to chase and ride down and enjoy spoils.

And all that afternoon, having taken to his room on pretense of neuralgia, he lay sprawled on his bed, thinking, thinking. Not that he meant harm to anybody, he told himself very frequently. He had, of course, information which certain degraded men might use in a contemptible way, but he, Mortimer, did not resemble such men in any particular. All he desired was to do Plank a good turn. There was nothing disreputable in doing a wealthy man a favor. . . . And Heaven knew a wealthy man's gratitude was necessary to him at that very moment—gratitude substantially acknowledged. . . . He liked Plank—wished him well; that was all right, too; but a man is an ass who doesn't wish himself well also. . . . Two birds with one stone. . . . Three! for he hated Quarrier. Four! . . . for he had no love for his wife. . . . Besides, it would teach Leila a wholesome lesson—teach her that he still counted; serve her right for her disgusting selfishness about Plank.

No, there was to be nothing disreputable in his proceedings; that he would be very careful about. . . . Probably Major Belwether might express his gratitude substantially if he, Mortimer, went to him frankly and volunteered *not* to mention to Quarrier the scene he had witnessed between Sylvia Landis and Stephen Siward at three o'clock in the morning in the corridor; and if, in playful corroboration, he displayed the cap and raincoat and the big fan, all crushed, which objects of interest he had discovered later in the bay-window. . . . Yes, probably Major Belwether would be very grateful, because he wanted Quarrier in the family; he needed Quarrier in his business. . . . But, faugh! that was close enough to blackmail to rub off! . . . No! . . . *No!* He wouldn't go to Belwether and promise any such thing! . . . On the contrary, he felt it his duty to inform Quarrier! Quarrier had a right to know what sort of a girl he was threatened with for life! . . . A man ought not to let another man go blindly into such a marriage. . . . Men owed each other something, even if they were not particularly close friends. . . . And he had always had a respect for Quarrier, even a sort of liking for him—yes, a distinct liking! . . . And, anyhow, women were devils! And it behooved men to get together and stand for one another! . . .

Quarrier would give her her walking-papers. . . . And, in her humiliation, is there anybody mad enough to fancy that she wouldn't snap up Plank in such a fix? . . . And make it look like a jilt for Quarrier? . . . But Plank must do his part on the minute; Plank must step up in the very nick of time; Plank, with his millions and his ambitions, was bound to be a winner anyway, and Sylvia might as well be his pilot and use his money. . . . And Plank would be very, very grateful—very useful, a very good friend to have. . . . And Leila would learn at last that he, Mortimer, had cut his wisdom teeth. . . .

As for Siward, he amounted to nothing; probably was one of that contemptible sort of men who butted in and kissed a pretty girl when he had the chance. He, Mortimer, had only disgust for such amateurs.

He laughed to himself and rolled over, digging his head into the pillows and stretching his fat hands to ease their congestion. And most of all he amused himself with figuring out the exact degree of his wife's astonishment and chagrin when, without consulting her, he achieved the triumph of Quarrier's elimination and the theatrical entry of Beverly Plank upon the stage. He laughed when he thought of Major Belwether, too, confounded under the loss of such a nephew-in-law, humiliated, crushed, all his misleading jocularity, all his sleek pink-and-white suavity, all his humbugging *bonhomie* knocked out of him, leaving only a rumpled, startled old gentleman, who bore an amusing resemblance to a very much mussed-up buck-rabbit.

"Haw! haw!" roared Mortimer, rolling about on his bed and kicking the slippers from his fat feet. Then, remembering that he was supposed to be suffering silently in his room, he hunched up to a sitting posture and regarded his environment with a subdued grin.

Everything seems easy when it seems funny. After all, the matter was simple—absurdly simple. A word to Quarrier, and crack! the match was off! Girl, mad as a hornet, but staggered, has no explanation to offer; man frozen stiff with rage, mute as an iceberg. Then, zip! Enter Beverly Plank—the girl's rescuer at a pinch—her preserver, the savior of her "face," the big, highly-colored, leaden-eyed *deus ex machina*. Would she take fifty cents on the dollar? *Would* she—to buy herself a new "face"? And put it all over Quarrier? And live happy ever after? *Would* she? Oh, not at all!

And Mortimer rolled over in another paroxysm; which wasn't good for him, and frightened him enough to lie still a while and think how best he might cut down on his wine and spirits.

The main thing, after all, was to promise Plank his opportunity, but not tell him how he was to obtain it; for Mortimer had an uneasy idea that there was something of the Puritan deep planted under the stolid young man's hide, and that he might make some absurd and irrelevant objection to the perfectly proper methods employed by his newly self-constituted guide and mentor. No; that was no concern of Plank's. All he had to do was to be ready. As for Quarrier, anybody could forecast his action when once convinced of Sylvia's behavior.

Mortimer lay there pondering several methods of imparting the sad, but necessary, information to Quarrier. One thing was certain; there was not now time enough before the house-party dissolved to mould Plank into acquiescent obedience. That must be finished in town—unless Plank invited him to stay at the Fells after his time was up at Shotover. By Heaven! That was the idea! And there'd be a chance for him at cards! . . . Only, of course, Plank would ask Leila, too. . . . But what did he care? He was no longer afraid of her; he'd soon be independent of her and her pittance. Let her go to the courts for her divorce! Let her——

He sat up rather suddenly, perplexed with a new idea, which, curiously enough, had not appealed to him before. The astonishing hint so coolly dropped by his wife concerning her fearlessness of divorce proceedings had only awakened him to the consciousness of his own vulnerability and carelessness of conduct.

Now it occurred to him for the first time that, if it were not a mere bluff on Leila's part, this sudden coquetting with the question of divorce might indicate an ulterior object. Was Leila considering his elimination in view of this ulterior object? *Was* there an ulterior gentleman somewhere prepared to replace him? If so, where? And who?

His wife's affairs had never interested him; he simply didn't care – had no curiosity, as long as appearances were maintained. And she had preserved appearances with a skill which, nevertheless, required all the indifferent and easy charity of their set to pretend completely deceived everybody. Yes, he gave her credit for that; she had been clever. Nobody outside of the social register knew the true state of affairs in the house of Leroy Mortimer—which, after all, was all anybody cared about.

And so, immersed in the details of his dirty little drama, he pondered over the possibility of an ulterior gentleman as he moved heavily to and fro, dressing himself—his neuralgia being much better—and presently descended the stairs to find everybody absent, engaged, as a servant explained, in a game of water basket-ball in the swimming-pool. So he strolled off toward the north wing of the house, which had been built for the squash-courts and swimming-pool.

There was a good deal of an uproar in the big gymnasium as Mortimer walked in, threading his way through the palms and orange-trees; much splashing in the pool, cries and stifled laughter, and the quick rattle of applause from the gallery of the squash-courts.

The Page boys and Rena and Eileen on one side were playing the last match game against Sylvia, Marion Page, Siward and Ferrall on the other; the big, slippery, glistening ball was flying about through storms of spray. Marion caught it, but her brother Gordon got it away; then Ferrall secured it and dived toward the red goal; but Rena Bonnesdel caught him under water; the ball bobbed up, and Sylvia flung both arms around it with a little warning shout and hurled it back at Siward, who shot forward like an arrow, his opponents gathering about him in full cry, amid laughter and excited applause from the gallery, where Grace Ferrall and Captain Voucher were wildly offering odds on the blue, and Alderdene and Major Belwether were thriftily booking them.

Mortimer climbed the slippery, marble stairway as fast as his lack of breath permitted, anxious for his share of the harvest if the odds were right. He ignored his wife's smilingly ironical offer, seeing no sense in bothering about money already inside the family; but he managed to make several apparently desirable wagers with Kathryn Tassel and one with Beverly Plank, who was also obstinately backing the blues, the losing side. Sylvia played forward for the blues.

Agatha Caithness, sleeves rolled up, tall and slim and strangely pale in her white flannels, came from the squash-court with Quarrier to watch the finish; and Mortimer observed her sidewise, blinking, irresolute, for he had never understood her and was always a trifle afraid of her. A pair of icicles, she and Quarrier, with whom he had never been on betting terms; so he made no suggestions in that direction, and presently became absorbed in the splashing battle below. Indeed, such a dashing of foam and showering of spray was taking place that the fronds of the big palms hung dripping amid drenched blossoms overweighted and prone on the wet marble edges of the pool.

Suddenly, through the confused blur of foam and spray, the big, glistening ball shot aloft and remained.

"Blue! Blue!" exclaimed Grace Ferrall, clapping her hands; and a little whirlwind of cries and hand-clapping echoed from the gallery as the breathless swimmers came climbing out of the pool, with scarcely wind enough left for a word or strength for a gesture toward the laughing crowd above.

Mortimer, disgusted, turned away, already casting about him for somebody to play cards with—it being his temperament and his temper to throw good money after bad. But Quarrier and Miss Caithness had already returned to the squash-courts, the majority of the swimmers to their several dressing-rooms, and Grace Ferrall's party, equipped for motoring, to the lawn, where they lost little time in disappearing into the golden haze which a sudden shift of wind had spun out of the cloudless afternoon's sunshine.

However, he got Marion, and also, as usual, the two men who had made a practice of taking away his money—Major Belwether and Lord Alderdene. He hadn't particularly wanted them; he wanted somebody he could play with, like Siward, for example, or even the two ten-dollar Pages; not that their combined twenty would do him much good, but it would at least permit him the pleasures of the card-table without personal loss.

But the Pages had retired to dress, and Voucher was for motoring, and he had no use for his wife, and he was afraid of Plank's game, and Siward, seated on the edge of the pool and sharing a pint of ginger-ale with Sylvia Landis, shook his head at the suggestion and resumed his division of the ginger-ale.

The Next Moment They Both Regretted the Pale Flash of Telepathy

Plank and Leila Mortimer came down to congratulate them. Sylvia, always instinctively and particularly nice to people of Plank's sort, whom she occasionally encountered, was so faultlessly amiable, that Plank, who had never before permitted himself the privilege of monopolizing her, found himself doing it so easily that it kept him in a state of persistent mental intoxication.

That slow, sweet, upward trailing inflection to a statement which instantly became a confided question was an unconscious trick which had been responsible, in Sylvia's brief life, for more mistakes than anything else. Like others before him, Beverly Plank made the mistake that the sweetness of voice and the friendliness of eyes were particularly personal to him, in tribute to qualities he had foolishly enough hitherto not suspected in himself. Now he suspected them; and whatever of real qualities desirable had been latent in him also appeared at once, confirming his modest suspicions. Certainly he was a wit! Was not this perfectly charming girl's responsive and delicious laughter proof enough? Certainly he was epigrammatic! Certainly he could be easy, polished, amusing, sympathetic, and vastly interesting all the while. Could he not divine it in her undivided attention, the quick, amused flicker of recognition animating her beautiful face when he had turned a particularly successful phrase or taken a verbal hurdle without a cropper? And above all, her kindness to him impressed him; her natural and friendly pleasure in being agreeable. Here he was already on an informal footing with one of the persons of whom he had been most shy and uncertain. If people were going to be as considerate of him as she had proved, why why——

His dull, Dutch-blue eyes returned to her, fascinated. The conquest of what he desired and meant to have became merged in a vague plan which included such a marriage as he had dreamed of

Somebody had once told him that a man who could afford to dress for dinner could go anywhere; meaning that, being a man, Nature had fitted his feet with the paraphernalia for climbing as high as he cared to climb.

There was just enough truth in the statement to determine him to use his climbing-irons; and he had done so, carrying his fortune with him, which had proved neither an impediment nor an aid so far. But now he had concluded that neither his climbing-irons, his amiability, his obstinacy, his mild, tireless persistency, nor his money counted. It had come to a crisis where personal worth and sterling character must carry him through sheer merit to the inner temple—that inner temple of raw gold whose altars are served by a sexless skeleton in cap and bells!

Siward, inclined to be amused by the duration of the trance into which Plank had fallen, watched the progress of that bulky young man's infatuation as he sat there on the pool's marble edge, exchanging trivial views on trivial subjects with Mrs. Leroy Mortimer.

But her conversation, even when inconsequential, was never wearisome except when she made it so for her husband's benefit. Features, person, personality and temperament were warmly exotic; her dark eyes with their slight Japanese slant, the clear olive skin with its rose bloom, the temptation of mouth and slender neck, were always provocative of the audacity in men which she could

(Continued on Page 22)

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The Beauties of Competition

BUSINESS interests abhor competition; unlike Nature, they prefer a vacuum. They do not believe with Mr. Bryan in the necessity and the beauty of a competitive industrial strife—when it comes to selling their goods. On the one side, the tariff has been erected high enough to protect them from a hated foreign competition; on the other side, at home, they have made for themselves the trust which answers the same purpose, imperfectly, to be sure. Some enterprises like the Standard Oil, which have succeeded in practically suppressing competition, are clever enough to simulate that which they have done away with. They maintain a subterfuge of competition by selling their goods through so-called "independent" companies, which radiate from 26 Broadway. The public likes to think that it is buying in an open market, and the Standard Oil is wise enough to humor it in this harmless delusion. But when there is any danger of touching the tariff wall, and permitting a little outside competition, the "interests" bestir themselves.

A shock like a second earthquake lately ran through the bowels of the system when it was boldly proposed to admit free of duty all structural steel to be used in rebuilding San Francisco. That would furnish a dangerous object-lesson to consumers of the beauty of cheap, competitive prices in a commodity that has become yearly dearer. Such an eye-opener the Steel Trust isn't likely to permit, not if it knows itself! The "interests" get together and word is passed along the line: "Brother, guard the tariff!" And up speak the lumber interests of the Pacific coast: they don't want any foreign steel butting into their market. That will be the end of all the talk about free structural steel for San Francisco: it will have to pay current domestic prices on every nail, bolt or beam that goes to the remaking of the city.

There is one field, however, where business interests believe in free competition—the labor field. The interests are eloquent in the subject of the open shop, and the right of every man to sell his labor in the open market for what it will bring him. And here they do not fear foreign competition: the coal operators, for example, believe that Polish and Lithuanian immigration tends to make a healthy labor market. Their ideal is a closed market for products and a free market for labor. They are half Socialists without knowing it.

A Reading by Mr. Dalzell

THE Administration program for this session of Congress contained three leading items—regulation of railroad rates, the Statehood bill and free trade with us for the Filipinos. The first succeeded measurably; the second managed to save something of its face; but the third, which touched the tariff, suffered complete and ignominious defeat. Mr. Dalzell, a chief parliamentary exponent of the stand-pat philosophy, has just explained why.

"We read our tariff lessons," he says, "not out of books, but in the blazing light of open furnace doors, amid the noise of industrial activity and with the sweat on our brows that we coin into wealth." Perusing the lesson under conditions so extraordinarily uncomfortable and so little conducive to judicious reading, Mr. Dalzell finds that the only persons who favor any revision of the tariff are Democrats, the foreign manufacturers, the importers—"many of them aliens"—and rich men with fixed incomes. Whether the able Pennsylvanian was a bit blinded by the blazing furnace light, or, possibly, had a cinder in his eye, does not matter particularly, since the regnant section of his party absolutely accepts his reading and will not—even at the President's behest—let any Philippine sugar come in to impoverish the free American labor that is employed in holding the stock certificates of the Sugar Refining Company and the Beet Sugar Company.

Possibly the President would have had better luck with his Philippine measure had the time been more uniformly auspicious. We have coined the sweat upon our brows into wealth in the shape of about a thousand million dollars' worth of water in the stocks of high-tariff industrial combinations, and the stock market has been decidedly weak at spells. Tariff revision would cause a very disagreeable slump in the selling price of this auriferous perspiration of the trust-promoter's brow.

"Sassing" the Editor

ONCE a Nebraska man, of warm sympathies but little knowledge of metropolitan conditions, saw a city street-crossings policeman kick a newsboy, and expostulated vigorously. With the aid of friends he was able to pay the resulting fine for "disturbing the peace and resisting an officer"; and as his constitution was sound he presently recovered from the contusions, abrasions and fractures which the policeman plentifully bestowed upon him by way of asserting the outraged majesty of the law. His friends pointed out to him that, while his conduct had been prompted by chivalrous motives, it was sheer lunacy to "sass" a crossings policeman, who, as the proximate symbol of civic order, was simply bound to club anybody that opposed him.

Hardly a day passes without its bloody-headed victim of a rashness as fatuous as that of the Nebraskan—a man who has "sassed" the editor. We compassionately yearn to these misguided folk, and wish they could severally and collectively take home to themselves the saving lesson of the Nebraskan's case. The daily newspaper is the civic crossings policeman, the proximate power that makes for liberty and justice. Being deeply conscious of this, it is simply bound to maintain its impeccable authority at whatever cost of broken heads. If a man calls it a liar, whether the man is right or wrong is entirely beside the question. It must instantly crack him over the skull or suffer a loss of its symbolic power, and that would invite social chaos. It is strange that an unvarying experience does not put people in possession of this simple principle and so save them from the excruciating results of acting contrary to it. Yet only the other day so shrewd a man as Senator Bailey, having deemed himself maligned, hurled denunciation at the editorial maligners—only, of course, to be accused more violently than before. It happens daily; yet people will not learn.

Poor Congress and Pure Food

VERY likely it is unreasonable to expect Congress to pass a good pure food law. It has made a number of apparently earnest efforts. At times the House has seemed to succeed, and at this session the Senate delivered itself of a bill. But a coincident success in both branches is probably beyond the range of reasonable expectation.

The difficulties of the subject seem to surpass the measure of Congressional ability. Whether we can forbid the use of deleterious coloring matter in candy without crippling the industry; just how much of the chemicals that preserve meat but not human stomachs we should permit the packers to use; what proportion of whisky or opium may be put in a patent medicine without proclaiming the fact on the label, and thereby frightening away purchasers who might, after all, be only harmlessly titillated by the dose—these questions are specifically technical, and in the bulk they are bound up with the trying problem of avoiding "paternalism" on the one hand and, on the other, of not giving an absolutely free rein to that "enlightened selfishness" which theoretically will keep a manufacturer from going too far with adulteration, but which in practice sometimes fails to operate at the proper juncture.

Adulteration is a physical danger, but paternalism is a political one. Congress, being composed of politicians, naturally tends to shy first at the peril in its own field. However, no one need be completely downcast. Paternalism itself is held to be clearly justified at the last gasp, and enlightened selfishness will keep a manufacturer from actually decimating his customers. Thus, at a certain mortuary point, both principles will operate protectively.

The Newspaper Thug

SOME years ago the newspapers discovered a college instructor whose opinions seemed to them good "copy," and they proceeded to make him into a buffoon. The young man, perhaps, was not very wise—he may have enjoyed, at first, the publicity that his remarks received. But the newspapers were not long content with the foolish things he said: they set their clever young men to invent stuff for him, and soon created for the public a comic figure to whom any old rot could be attributed. If the young instructor told his class in literature that hymns were not usually good poetry, the "metropolitan" press gave him half a column with scare-heads. They made merry with him after their wont and did not spare his wife nor his child. After a period of this notoriety, the instructor left his position—his friends said he was obliged to—and tried to earn his living more obscurely. Then for a couple of years the papers let him alone: there was no more "copy" in the rag-doll, and they gave up worrying it.

But a few days ago some enterprising reporter ran across the old doll: the man was living in a small boarding-house, and there happened to be no other boarders at the moment, and the landlady was unmarried. The reporter at once sniffed scandal in the air, and that afternoon his paper had a half-column of dirty insinuation and a photograph—the well-known photograph—of the old rag-doll. The next morning the other "metropolitan" dailies took up the game of shaking the doll, and the man was before the public once more. This time it was not a matter of "news": there had been no charges, no arrest, no lawsuit—nothing that could remotely justify the sacred name of "news." The papers simply knew that the rag-doll was good for some more copy, and so the man will probably lose his job—writing advertisements. Nobody believes him guilty of anything, and nobody would care if he were guilty, and it would be nobody's business. But the American public must have its joke, and too many newspapers will blast a man's life to get it for them. In the old days out in California that kind of humor was settled with a shotgun. It would be no great loss to the community if modern newspaper thugs met with the same kind of personal justice.

A Week-Day Religion

THERE is a general feeling that the world needs a new wave of religious feeling that shall chasten the materialism of the rich and reconcile the poor to their lot. It is hard to tell whether the churches have lost their hold altogether upon the people of to-day; the evidence is confusing and partial. But it is obviously true that the world never more needed genuine religious conviction to restrain its passions and raise its ideals. When the new religion comes, or the old faith is reshaped to meet the modern needs, one thing is absolutely certain—it must be a religion that shall deal with men actively six days out of seven instead of attending to them only one day.

That is clearly the greatest need that humanity has at present; for the churches have failed to convince their followers that religion is a real part of life, and that what they teach must be practiced in "business." Apart from the spectacle of the erring Sunday-school superintendent, who has become a stock joke, there are too many sincerely religious men who never for one instant apply in the ordinary activities of their lives what they profess to believe are the essentials of salvation. It would be extremely interesting to know how many of the gentlemen recently involved in the insurance scandals, in the Pennsylvania Railroad graft, in the Standard Oil methods of competition were sincere Christians and church-members. In the present condition of religious belief there would be nothing very anomalous if they were all professing members of some orthodox church. We are a business people, and the average man feels that business is not religion. Possibly the ideals of religion that are held up are wrong, are false to the conditions of human life, are theoretic and remote. If so it were better to adjust religion to the world of fact, to make it an actual working hypothesis in the lives of men, which are six parts of toil and one of recreation and reflection. The only religion that will command the respect of the very men who need it most is the one that speaks to them authoritatively every day of the week.

Reform Rampant

A CANADIAN parliamentary committee is wrestling with a proposition to require all qualified citizens to vote at every election, on pain of suffering a six-years' disfranchisement. This is the sort of proposal which has appealed powerfully to a certain school of statesmen among us. What has, in the main, deterred them from attempting to get it enacted into law has been a sobering reflection that the people might not like it, and so would employ their enforced franchises to defeat the sponsors of the act. Thus the well-meaning persons who would compel people to vote could not be really happy without going a step further and passing an amendment compelling them to vote right.

The stay-at-home vote evil is mostly a chimera. If there is nothing in the election that interests a citizen sufficiently to tempt him to the polls, the indifference which he expresses by staying at home enters into the result and so demonstrates his will as much as though he had voted. The ardent ones who would not permit a citizen to be indifferent if he chooses should logically advocate forbidding him to be interested on the wrong side. Thus, we should have the ideal condition of a pure democracy in which, however, no one could vote save one way. A certain type of reformer never gets far because his zeal leads him to chase his own tail.

MEN & WOMEN

Taft Could Stand It

A CERTAIN colonel in the army, within two years of the retiring age, was ordered to the Philippines. He didn't want to go. He thought it ungracious on the part of the War Department to send him so far away when he was almost ready to drop out.

His protests availed nothing, and as a last resort he had a few of his friends call on Secretary Taft and suggest to the Secretary that it would be a very nice thing to allow the colonel, who had served the country well for so many years, to remain at home instead of shoving him off to the tropics.

Secretary Taft listened patiently. His friends made all the arguments about long and faithful service.

Then, as a clincher, one of them said:

"And, Mr. Secretary, you have lived in the Philippines and you know about the climate there. To be frank with you, the colonel is not well. He is getting very fat and we are afraid he can't live over there."

Taft took a slow survey of his own three hundred pounds. Then he asked gravely:

"Did Taft live?"

The Error of His Ways

WHEN Ambrose Bierce, the author, was editor of the San Francisco Argonaut, a local poet submitted a poem for publication. The poem was a pretty good one and Bierce printed it.

Two of its lines were:

"The souls as yet ungarmented
Press 'round me without noise or tread."

A few hours after the issue of the magazine, in which the poem was printed, was on the newsstands, the very angry author of the poem rushed into Bierce's room and shouted: "What do you mean by making sport of me in this way?"

"In what way?" asked Bierce mildly.

"Look!" screamed the poet. "Look at this!"—and he pointed to the two lines quoted. Bierce read:

"The souls as yet ungarmented
Press 'round me without noise or head."

Bierce explained it was a terrible typographical error and promised to make amends. A few weeks later he reprinted the poem in full, with the explanation that, in its first printing, it had been marred by an unfortunate error.

Next day Bierce left town for a week, for in the reprinting the two lines appeared:

"The souls as yet ungarmented
Press 'round me without nose or head."

Bearing His Honors Lightly

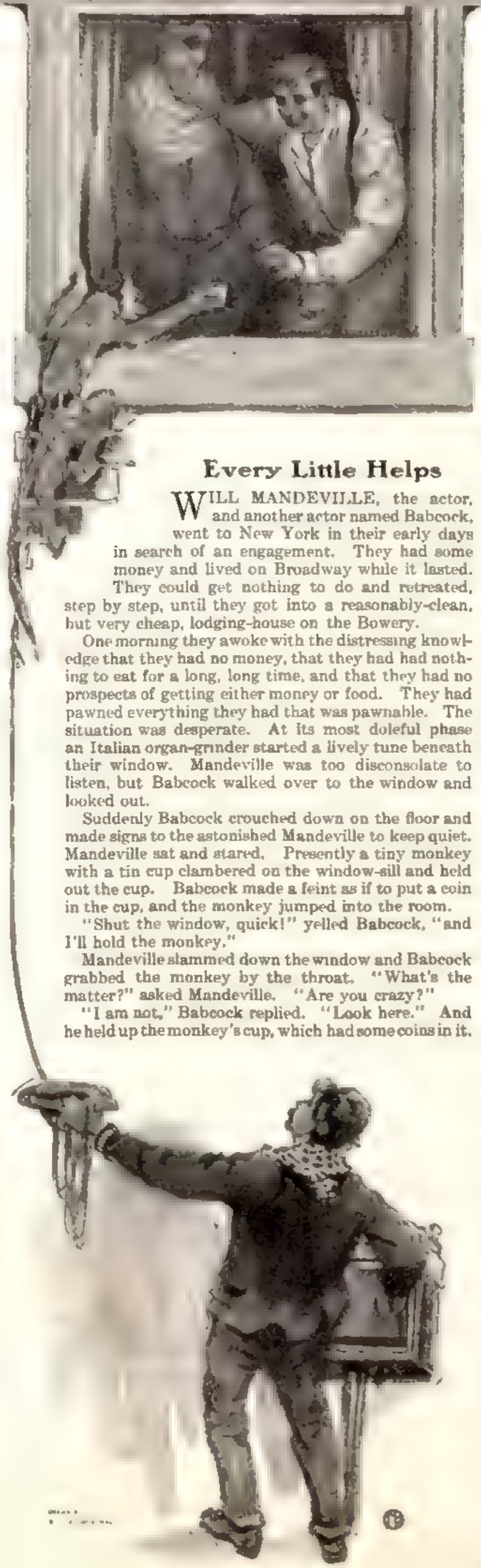
A FEW days after Chester I. Long, of Kansas, had been elected to the Senate, he returned to his seat in the House of Representatives to serve out his term there.

Long was talking to some members in one of the cloakrooms, and after a while the conversation switched to palmistry.

There were various opinions expressed. Some of the talkers thought there might be something in it, but most of them pronounced it a fake and a fraud.

"Of course," said Long, "I do not believe in it. It is absurd to think it more than an amusement, but I had a queer experience, nevertheless. I wouldn't have this known for the world. It must not get out, and I tell it to you in the strictest confidence, but, before I was elected, I was at a fair in Kansas City and, just for fun, I had my palm read by a palmist there. Strangely enough, that palmist told me I was soon to be elected to the Senate. Now don't say anything about that. I don't want it to get out. I am quite ashamed when I think it had any bearing on what happened."

"Well," said Representative Shattuc, producing a copy of a Kansas City paper, "evidently the palmist isn't ashamed of it." And he showed Long a flaring advertisement which had for its top line: "I am the palmist who told Senator Long he would be elected."



Every Little Helps

WILL MANDEVILLE, the actor, and another actor named Babcock, went to New York in their early days in search of an engagement. They had some money and lived on Broadway while it lasted. They could get nothing to do and retreated, step by step, until they got into a reasonably-clean, but very cheap, lodging-house on the Bowery.

One morning they awoke with the distressing knowledge that they had no money, that they had had nothing to eat for a long, long time, and that they had no prospects of getting either money or food. They had pawned everything they had that was pawnable. The situation was desperate. At its most doleful phase an Italian organ-grinder started a lively tune beneath their window. Mandeville was too disconsolate to listen, but Babcock walked over to the window and looked out.

Suddenly Babcock crouched down on the floor and made signs to the astonished Mandeville to keep quiet. Mandeville sat and stared. Presently a tiny monkey with a tin cup clambered on the window-sill and held out the cup. Babcock made a feint as if to put a coin in the cup, and the monkey jumped into the room.

"Shut the window, quick!" yelled Babcock, "and I'll hold the monkey."

Mandeville slammed down the window and Babcock grabbed the monkey by the throat. "What's the matter?" asked Mandeville. "Are you crazy?"

"I am not," Babcock replied. "Look here." And he held up the monkey's cup, which had some coins in it.

They counted the money. There were nineteen cents. Then they turned the monkey loose, withstood an hour's siege by the organ-grinder and went out and had some breakfast.

A Distinguished Guest

CHARLES B. DILLINGHAM, now a theatrical manager of much prominence, and Peter F. Dunne, who arrived at fame by creating "Mr. Dooley," were rival hotel reporters on Chicago papers years ago.

It was their duty to go to the various Chicago hotels and get interviews with distinguished personages who came to the city. If no distinguished personages arrived it was their duty to get interviews just the same.

After a period of intense rivalry, Dunne and Dillingham formed a combination. They found a long summer coming on, and nobody who can avoid it goes to Chicago in the summer. They also found an obliging hotel clerk.

On days when there were no arrivals worth a story, Dunne would go to the hotel where the obliging clerk was stationed and register a nice, high-sounding name, generally with a title, from Australia, or New Zealand, or Labrador, or any other place he thought suitable. The clerk would assign him to a room.

Presently, Dillingham would bustle in. "Anybody worth while to-day?" he would ask the clerk.

The clerk would point out the distinguished arrival and Dillingham would send up his card. Word would come back to come to the room. Then this dialogue would ensue: "I am Mr. Dillingham, a reporter, and I would like to talk with you for my paper," or words to that effect.

"Ah, I am delighted to see you, Mr. Dillingham. Sit down and I shall be pleased to give you an interview."

Dillingham would then interview Dunne and both would print the story next morning. When the hotel reporters on the other papers rushed around to get an interview the distinguished guest was "just gone," but the proof that he had been there was on the register—also in the papers for which Dillingham and Dunne worked.

The Only Way

MONTAGUE LESSLER, of New York, who is a small man physically, was talking to some of his former associates in the House of Representatives.

"I am going to take a rest this summer," he said. "I have got on too much flesh and I intend to reduce a bit."

"How are you going to do it?" asked the two-hundred-pound Mark Smith, of Arizona. "Cut off a leg?"

The Hall of Fame

¶ Reed Smoot, Senator from Utah, and an Apostle of the Mormon Church, looks more like a clerk than an Apostle.

¶ President Roosevelt doesn't smoke. President Hayes didn't smoke either, but every President after him and before Roosevelt did.

¶ John L. Smithmyer, one of the architects of the Congressional Library, is probably the only man in the country who wears a crush opera-hat all the time.

¶ Carmack and Patterson are the only editors in the Senate, and Carmack is going out soon. Senator Clark, of Montana, owns some newspapers, but he does not edit them.

¶ Masanao Hanihara, third secretary of the Japanese Embassy, is very small, always smiling and a great social favorite. The young women dote on him and call him "Honey."

¶ It isn't a joke about John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, eating crackers and milk. When he is at his New York house, he frequently goes around to the palatial Gotham Hotel and does just that.

¶ Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, has more fun than many another millionaire. He makes tetrahedral kites at his Washington home in the winter, and flies them in the summer up in Nova Scotia.

¶ John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, who is the minority leader in the House of Representatives, says he is the only American of his period who studied at Heidelberg and yet was not a classmate of the Emperor William.

ABSENCE

A Story of the Acid-Test of Love

By ALBERT KINROSS

"Gamblers, Staking Our Lives Across that Sun-Bleached Table of Pitiless Sand"

KINGLAKE, during those brief interludes when he would come among us, fresh from some hazardous expedition in far and savage lands, or after the rigors and vicissitudes of one of his numerous campaigns, was forever exploring the old city; most times descending upon me, dragging me away from toil, from duty, and my family's grave needs to bear him company. He would take no denials; my excuses he waved aside; I must go forth with him and share in this romance. For a space the city would possess him and its wonders fill his thoughts. Then he would write a gorgeous essay for the half-crown magazines and leave us, feeling he had done his duty by his country's capital.

It was on one such afternoon of devious vagabondage that he pulled up on the pavement, the solid London pavement, and would not budge.

"I recognized the wall-paper," he said at last; and here he stopped, as though that explanation were sufficient.

This was in Holborn, near the corner of Southampton Row. They were cutting a new thoroughfare through those parts; breaking up old houses, whose innermost frames now stood exposed and cavernous.

To think that men and women had been born, had loved and lost, had died and lived the fullness of their days in these unblushing and dismantled rooms, now so grimly and remorselessly laid bare, was, indeed, an apposite reflection. What Kinglake had recognized beyond the wall-paper, however, I was yet to hear. He turned at last, his eyes away from me, far in their wanderings, lost in the vision of that sudden and abrupt recall.

Neither on that day nor the next did he approach a larger explanation. This story might have gone away with him, to Russia and the bleak Manchurian hills, had we not spent a last night in his rooms, a modest flat that he keeps going in the Adelphi; an extravagance, perhaps, for an explorer-war-correspondent, always away for three parts of the year. But the view from the big bow-window—I know nothing in London to match it; especially at night, when the river dreams under the dim stars and the lighted bridges cross on either hand.

We were finished with his packing. The portable leather baggage of the seasoned campaigner had been strapped and put in order.

"It must be old to you," I had just said, "this marching in the wake of history—but how many men in London would give all they possess to stand in your place!"

He laughed his easy laugh, that fools mistook for the loose flutter of recklessness: "And I," he answered lightly, "every time I swear it will be the last—every time!" The smile died away. "And when the call comes—I go! I can't resist. There's that little place of mine in Kent, over Romney Marsh, wild as anything in England—good shooting, good hunting, soldiers to talk to all along the coast, plenty of books—all I want; and yet, when these things happen, I can't stay. London—England—both are good." He was looking out of the uncovered window. "You see the stars up there?" he asked. "I often think it's they that move me. When I've been here too long they clutch at my heart like little children; and then I feel that I must go—where they call, where their faces are white and pure and radiant. Ah, you people who live in cities, you've never seen them! Here they're like slum-children, unkempt, unwashed; but out there, they fill the night with music, and I know no rapture till they are overhead again. . . . Perhaps a wife and real children might be the same to me—I have often wondered."

He came back to his chair and peered hard into the fire—cheerful it was, stacked high with blazing coal. What mirage he saw there I cannot tell, what shapes saved from his wanderings, what stabbing faces regretted or renounced; and then he turned abruptly, as though beating back a cloud of ghosts, of other selves that he had harbored or cast from him. "Yes, I'm a wanderer, marked, branded," he pursued. "God put that craving into me at birth—I can't tell—that desire to be within sight of His everlasting glories and feel my own littleness. Sounds like preaching—but it isn't. . . . When that pain comes over me nothing counts, nothing seems real—only the stars up there, the wind, the rain, the darkness and the sunshine, the great spaces, the calm and danger of the sea. . . . The men and women go by, and they mean little—but these things, they are always there; they never change; they always understand."

He had removed the brown and sinewy hand that hid his face from me; the clear and lustrous blue of his keen eyes now met mine unabashed.

"You were with me the other day," he had resumed, "when I pulled up in Holborn and stared at an empty shell of a house—ruined. I've seen hundreds like that, broken by gunfire—but here, in the heart of London—and that room! I think it was a dozen years ago when I lodged there, maybe fifteen, over a jeweler's—a nice shop. The proprietor was our landlord and a trifle anxious about his rent; and there was a girl-assistant behind the counter whose young man was killed by a cricket-ball—she used to weep about it. They shut up the shop at night, and the other three floors were let to bachelors. A free-and-easy place—you could do what you liked as late as you liked, and as often as not some poor devil was curled up asleep in the doorway. I didn't know the other two fellows who had rooms—the jeweler called them 'chambers.' I was at the top; my sitting-room—you saw the farther wall of it, and the fireplace, and the doorway that led through to the bedroom. It was all compact. Pink and green the wall-paper:

'Pink and green
'S fit for the Queen,'

the old girl used to say who looked after us. That was her little joke and she never tired of it.

"I had come up to London from the 'varsity a year or two before. I had a little money, enough to keep me going till I was thirty, and there was the Kentish place as well—I could always find a tenant willing to pay me ninety or a hundred; so I was pretty cozy. My father thought I ought to take to schoolmastering—I'd only managed to scratch an ordinary degree. I wasn't so keen. I sat up there and read the poets and got to know my way about town. When I wanted more money I wrote things about sport—duck-shooting on the Broads, fishing in Cornwall, and hunting. I could do that sort of thing as easy as talking, and editors seemed eager for the stuff. I used to go in and see them sometimes, and one comic beggar asked me to be a dramatic critic. I did a play for him—he never tried again. But the other things—horses and dogs and Nature—there I was all right and hard to beat. I'd read a lot about soldiering, too, and one year they let me get on a horse and go to the manœuvres.

"I was making an extra four hundred when I became engaged. That had come about of itself. I was home one summer and there was a girl visiting at a house near by. She came from town and was far smarter than the ruck. She didn't worship curates; she could walk ten miles without giving up—I don't think I asked more of any woman in those days, except good looks. She was handsome, in her second season, and had her part of London at her finger ends. She came of an expensive family; they hadn't quite enough money to do it on; but they'd have been pretty comfortable if they hadn't wanted to be in everything. We'd said nothing about an engagement really. It just happened. One afternoon I helped her over the stile that leads into the woods below Lympne Castle, she landed in my arms, and then we knew that we had kissed one another and were most horribly serious till next morning—when we began again.

"I was making four hundred a year and got a hundred out of the house; she had two-fifty. When we reached the thousand, we would tell her people all about it and marry. She put it that way; I was for chancing it, but she stood firm. It was agreed. I touched the thousand off my own bat the very day she came back to town. One of my editors had asked me to go to Egypt and follow the campaign. This was the first big thing that had ever come my way. Accept? Of course I accepted!

"I had to break the news. We were to have tea somewhere and do a picture-show the next afternoon—they'd given me a day and a half's notice. We sat round a table in that spruce confectioner's.

"'This is no good,' I said; 'we can't say good-by in a place like this. We're engaged —'

"I put it to her and she consented. A cab took us to the jeweler's, and up the three flights we marched to the pink-and-green room whose wall-paper you saw me gaping at the other day.

"The place was full of parcels. I'd been shopping like mad from the word go. One thing I remember. You see that bag over there?" Kinglake had indicated a worn leather valise, soiled, misshapen—veteran, but hale. . . . "For months I had coveted that thing of cowhide—it was a bright yellow then. It stood in a shop-window near my club, and every time I passed I looked and longed. But the price was awful! Now I had made the plunge—this trip was my excuse. It stood in the centre of the sitting-room, my initials wet upon it. Even at that moment I felt a pride in owning it which I remember to this day. . . .

"I had to pack and leave that very evening. Agnes—her name was Agnes Orme—helped me, or we pretended—we had so much to say of other things; and then she broke down utterly and sobbed in my arms—big tears that hurt her—they splashed upon my hands like blood. . . . I had never seen a girl weep like that before—and on my account! It shook me. I was half inclined to chuck the whole business and stay here with her when I saw that. But it meant so much for me—the first big chance of doing something, of seeing a big event—and now I know I was foredoomed.

"'When I come back,' I said, 'it'll be all right—it won't be long, old girl. Hang on till then—we'll be set up with this,' I said to her. . . . She lifted her head after a bit.

"'I understand,' she sobbed. 'I won't cry.' . . . She had seen herself in the wide glass over the fireplace.

"And then I remember her hair. The emotion and distress of that abandonment had made it all disordered. Before the looking-glass over the fireplace she stood, collecting herself, picking out pins and combs, till her disordered hair came tumbling down in heavy folds. It framed her poor white face—dark it was, with red-gold tints in it—like a black night touched with the glare of burning cities—the most beautiful, tragic hair that I have ever seen. Your fair women—theirs is straw—mild, like pale tobacco; this—I buried my face in it and kissed it, as though it had been flesh and blood. . . .

"Wonderful she looked, and womanlike. I had never seen her so in all my knowledge of her. Had she said, 'Stay!' in speech, poor child, had she but whispered the dumb message of her eyes and brow, dared to put forth the faith and promise of that word in our last moment, I had let Egypt blaze and stayed here in the light of her, and had a wife and little ones, valiant and strong as she. . . . Her hair—a turn of the wrist and she had taken it from me; was coiling it up again, replacing combs and pins.

"I saw her to a cab and then I set about my packing in good earnest.

"In the station restaurant I ate a feverish, haphazard meal and I sent her a letter from there, full of 'I love you' and the knowledge that when I came back again nothing could ever stand between us. My father and mother were on the platform to say good-by, and I remembered that I had wired to them.

"The train took me south. I had never been far till then, never seen new countries roll along as on that journey. And afterward came the sea and the blue semi-tropic skies, and after that the desert. It was a new world, one I had dreamt of and yearned to all my life—given to me without the asking!

"My days were full. Letters grew rare—we were away from the old routine of civilization. Letters had little meaning; so much had passed, so many things I could not understand and feel in words. I wrote to her and she to me, but between us two, for all my boasting, was the desert and a life larger than the desert—than anything we two had planned and builded in our moods. I was finding myself, and she—how could I tell her when I hardly knew? Sometimes I wrote, and there were the yards of stuff I sent to my paper—she could read that. . . . This man's life had lifted me beyond the need of tenderness.

"There were battles and surprises, marches by day and night! Such silences! hunger and thirst: we were gamblers, staking our lives across that sun-bleached table of pitiless sand. I saw men die; men I had learned to love in those quick days of danger and suspense—I, who had never known anything more violent than a street accident or a man knocked out at football! I was away ten months; but in that time I had grown old.

"For some insane, improvident reason I had kept on those pink-and-green rooms out of Holborn. Their cost was little and they were full of books and things I would have found it troublesome to move. By easy stages I went back there—you remember they had cut me up a trifle and I was barely mended. I reached London, dropping in behind a wire I had sent from Calais and a letter I had posted to her from Paris. Our first meeting, I wrote, must be on the same spot where we had said good-by.

"I had seen no one in London who mattered. I had said how-d'ye-do to the jeweler, the fair assistant had come out to welcome me, and she still wore mourning for the young man who had been killed by a cricket-ball. Upstairs I had found the old lady who looked after the rooms, and her little rhyme was forthcoming as usual when I complimented her on the undimmed biliousness of my surroundings. I had reported myself at the office, but nobody had arrived, except a scattering of those strange and blinking creatures that sit at desks in suchlike places, growing older and leaner and more despondent, or fatter and redder and more important; I had dined alone in a marble-lined restaurant where everything had seemed precise and regulated. . . . She came up to see me the first morning. I had shaved and breakfasted and her brief note had set me all a-tremble. Those two, three lines had brought her back to me, lovewarm and pale, the tears still wet on the divine whiteness of that mask so mingled with the red-gold gleams—darkness shot with flame—the tragic midnight of her unbound hair. Till she stood before me I had no peace.

"She came punctually at eleven, alone, as I had hoped; and now we two were in the room together—something had happened. There was a strangeness, a barrier. Could this be the same grief-stricken girl who had sobbed so passionately in my arms and whose loosened hair had filled my veins with that intoxication? . . . She had a trouble on her mind; I could see that at once—the sheer kiss of her was absent and constrained. She was still standing, keeping on her gloves and hat as though ready to say her say and leave me; as though calling on some formal person with a 'day.' Her face—I looked into her face, seeking the old answer that had made us one. . . . It was the same face I had known, the same face—but she had come to her point and was speaking with a sudden energy.

"'Harry,' she had begun, 'I couldn't help it. If you had been here——' she said; 'but I can't wait; I can't sit at home like a girl in a book. I must love somebody who is near—who is real—who I can see every day. I am getting married next month—to some one else.'

"I heard her speak and was silent. . . . The dead men out there were between us; the tropic sun, the thirst, the long marches under that ineffable night—all that had happened since our last meeting was between us—and it was an abyss. . . . I heard her out in silence, for I was glad. My heart leapt up in me as she ran on. I never told her so, have never told her so—would she have understood! My heart leapt up in me as she ran on and told me of that other man whose love was nearer and more topical than mine. . . . I kept silent, jealous of the secrets learned in those long months of suffering, of delight; guarding them—guarding them—knowing that did I too confess, she whose voice I heard, whose arguments I followed, would never understand.

"'When you were wounded,' she was saying, 'I thought I would write and tell you everything; but I tore the letters up. I didn't want to hurt you—then.'

"*She* hurt me! I was looking into her face—I, with my own that had turned so many ways since last we met. . . . I was looking into her face, and it seemed an emptiness, a blank, that had no answer to any passion I could ever feel, to any joy that could ever thrill me, to any grief I could ever suffer.

"'I thought you might see from my last letters,' she had continued, 'that I felt differently. If you'd stayed here, Harry, and not gone from me! I've changed—I know I've changed in this last year. I'm not like you, simple and always the same—you haven't moods as I have—you've been away from here—but London hardens one. Why didn't we get married at first, instead of waiting for that wretched thousand pounds!'

"'I'm not reproaching you,' I interrupted. . . . She and I would never feel anything together again—all that was over—a new world was come between us, and how could she help that or I? . . . She left the pink-and-green rooms repentant, I knowing that, if I wanted to—if I wanted very hard—she could have been mine still. I did not want." . . . Kinglake had risen to his feet again, seeking the uncovered window, where, outside, the dim, far stars kept their fixed stations, and the inky river, blacker for the splashes of gold cast by the lights of wharves and bridges, stole away in silence. And, as he gazed forth from this watch-tower, the fancy came upon me that it was there, in the space and the dark, he sought his mistress; that no woman would soothe the pain in his heart beyond the moment, unless she, with the stars, knowing good and evil, had kept her high simplicity and passed unblemished over things impossible.

He had returned to the big chair.

"And afterward," he resumed, "I went away and became a 'hero,' and other things equally absurd. A hero!" he cried, laughing as once before that evening; "I who have always shirked and run away from you—from real danger! To have stayed here all these years, without novelty, without power, without material incentives, and lived this life, running straight, honestly, in the teeth of circumstance, year in, year out, as some of you do here, without funking—that is heroic, far outweighing any little dangers I have run. . . . To-morrow I go East," he ended, "and Heaven knows what will happen. I'll come back, no doubt. The pink-and-green wall-paper will all be gone and forgotten and done with, and when I take you out again we'll find they've put some brand-new building in its place, where other girls and boys will say good-by and risk the searching fires, the rude ordeals, of absence."

PLAYER FOLK

Pulling the Scene Together

THERE are few evidences of cleverness in an actor as great as the ability to "pull together" a scene which something has happened to throw into disorder. Margaret Anglin once found herself chatting in her dressing-room with Sandol Milliken when it was long after time for her to go on the stage, and almost time for Miss Milliken. Instead of losing her head, she caught her friend by the arm and went on the stage with her, where she found the abandoned actors dragging out the scene with repetitions and interpolated "business." In an entirely natural manner, Miss Anglin related to Miss Milliken the substance of what had been omitted, and when she had thus got the audience *au courant*, she gave the proper cue, and the performance went on as usual. Few of those in front realized that there was anything really wrong, and those who did attributed it to the awkwardness of the poor actors who had been obliged to wait.

Charles Richman and his company had a far severer test in a recent performance of David Gray's Gallops. In the last act he is supposed to lead a cotillon on horseback, and enters a room up the stage. Unfortunately the horse showed temper, and with a series of bucks tried to unseat the hero. Mr. Richman kept the saddle, but the fracas ended in the poor beast's breaking through the floor. Mr. Richman swung himself out of the saddle, came down stage into the forward room, and with the actors there drew the curtains dividing the two rooms. The women in the cast, Grace Filkins and Grace Kimball, began to talk as if the accident were a regular part of the performance, and, as it was in their parts to protest against bringing the horse into the house, many in the audience were deceived. The next morning the papers reported how the hindquarters of the horse had come through upon a table where members of the orchestra were playing pinocle.

Slivers and the Art of Clowning

WHEN Slivers was the chief clown in the circus he used to complain that it was impossible in a huge arena, and in competition with all that was going on in the three rings, to produce the finest artistic effects in clowning; and even in the New York Hippodrome, where he is now employed, he complains of the size of the amphitheatre and the distances between himself and his audience. Those who were inclined to smile at him might have had food for reflection if they had seen him at a recent San Francisco benefit in the little Berkeley Lyceum.

He appeared as a baseball catcher, with only his white face and gigantic shoes to proclaim the clown. His act came on after midnight, when there was only a handful of spectators left, but before he had said a word his make-up provoked a general smile. When he caught the first ball, with a slap on his mammoth glove, there was a laugh, which was repeated with almost every movement. He followed a foul fly and gobbled it with a smirk. He quarreled in pantomimic rage with an imaginary umpire, and consulted with an imaginary pitcher with the gravity of a statesman. He caught a base-runner in hot water between third and home, and when he muffed the ball, letting him score, he blamed the baseman for a wild throw. Finally he went in to bat, circled the bases and was called out at the plate. Then he gave a lifelike imitation of kicking against the decision and was ordered off the field.

Every movement was deliciously true to life, and at the same time most delicately exaggerated. It is probable that the turn would have gone for nothing, or next to nothing, at the hippodrome or the circus; and that is probably why, when Slivers got into his cab, with his bases, glove and mask tucked under his arm, his white face wore an aspect of tragic gloom.

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AN ACCIDENTAL PLUTOCRAT

(Continued from Page 9)

stratification of the rock, reappearing fifty feet to the side and extending to the top. He was sure that this fissure was a new one. It was clean and sharp, and sloped slightly upward.

The pirate raised a crude-looking jug and drew out a corn-cob stopper.

"It's mighty good corn-licker," he said, offering it. "I made it myself. They hain't no law agin it yere, but these yere Greasers won't drink it. They-all *air* a powerful dirty set. It sure does do me good t' hear you-all talk!"

Mr. Doty tasted the "moonshine" and strangled. It was the genuine article, white and as powerful as raw alcohol. Even so, however, they needed some liquor in camp, as the sickness of the Vanstarvesynts had taught them.

"How much?" he asked.

"Dollar," said the other. "U-nited States money."

Mr. Doty promptly pulled a combination lifter from his pocket.

"Look at this," he said, and pointed out each of the marvelous points of the device. "Stove-lid-lifter. Ice-pick. Corkscrew. Tack-hammer. Screw-driver. Can-opener. Scissors-sharpener. Nail-puller. Wrench. File. Ten separate and distinct tools in one, and fifty cents for the whole combination."

Bloody Jud took it in his hand with delight. He had not seen anything so ingeniously useless since he had left the land of such mechanical triumphs, and its characteristic inefficiency for each and all of the purposes named made him almost maudlin in his homesickness.

"An' fifty cents cash, U-nited States money?" he asked eagerly.

Mr. Doty promptly handed him the half dollar, and the deal was made.

"Now show me where you live," said the plutocrat, this being the main point of the negotiations.

"Sartain," agreed the other. "Right through here. Th' 'quake opened up this hole, an' th' nex' one'll shet it, like as not. Th' 'quakes does funny things down hereaways. It sure does do me good to hear you-all talk!"

The pirate led the way into the tunnel, and Mr. Doty followed. Straight on and upward they went until, at last, as the light from the cove side of the crevice failed them, a faint glow appeared in the distance. It grew brighter and brighter as they advanced, and proved to be an opening in the other side of the cliff. The same earthquake that had shut off one avenue of escape had opened another one.

Hurrying on, he stood finally blinking his eyes in the flooding sunlight of a panorama that was like a glimpse of the native vale to a wanderer. Before him spread a broad valley, flanked on either side by mountains, gradually widening to where fields lay under smiling cultivation, and in the distance was a village, its white walls gleaming in the sun and the spire of a modest church rising amid the green leaves. Oh, but it was good to look upon, this liberty that lay before him—this despaired-of outlet from Pike's Cove! He looked up at the cliff above them. It was a queer formation, a monster wall of rock that stood on edge between ocean and land, and he quivered with thankfulness that he could penetrate it, could liberate his family and his companions from that vast natural prison at any moment he chose.

"Thar's my cabin," complacently observed his guide, and pointed out a rude log hut that seemed transplanted directly from the Kentucky mountains and set down upon this wild slope, to squat, perched suspicious and aloof, among a clump of trees far from the civilization below, where its commanding position would allow of defense from any approaching Pargis. The recent earthquake had shaken down the chimney, which had not been repaired, a clumsy rail-fence half sprawled upon the ground, and chickens, pigs, dogs and children ran unimpeded in and out of the garden.

"I cain't somehow seem t' make farmin' pay nohow," observed Mr. Harcum disinterestedly, "but I seem t' git erlong from year t' year jes' about as well as I did back in Kaintuck'. An' so ole Lem Pargis died in bed? My boys'll be dretful sorry t' hear about that. You-all mus' come over an' let Becky an' th' young uns hear some U-nited States."

But Mr. Doty resisted all pleading. He was too impatient to get back home with the glorious news, and he hastily promised to come over again on the next morning, if not that same day. He hurried exultantly back through the crevice. What a bomb-shell of joy he would burst in among them! They would leave just as quickly as they could pack up. Perhaps to-morrow, or at least the next day after!

Mr. Doty suddenly stopped. In the darkness of the tunnel an idea had popped into his head. He ran all the way back to call Mr. Harcum. He did not need to call him. Bloody Jud was seated comfortably upon a rock, chewing tobacco and examining the intricacies of the combination stove-lid-lifter with awe and affection.

"Look here," Mr. Doty said hastily. "Don't come to our place. Don't let any one else come. I'll be over to see you in a day or so. Here's ten dollars to stay away."

The Spanish pirate slowly unhinged his lanky form from the rock to chat about the details, but he had no audience. Mr. Doty was in a hurry. He returned to Pike's Cove with all his expunged leopard spots again brightly aglow. There was no use in throwing away an orange until he had sucked all the juice out of it!

XVII

THE first person Mr. Doty saw when he returned to the colony was Mr. Hugg, sitting gloomily on his porch.

"What's the matter?" the plutocrat asked.

"Rheumatism!" replied Mr. Hugg, qualifying it with certain impolite words. "I might have known it. I'd forgotten that every time I try to do any outdoor work the rheumatism gets me. I guess you win. I don't see how I'll ever be able to run this farm of mine without Steve's help, and we need the money he earns of you to clear off the mortgage. Hang this place, anyhow!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Doty. "It's a pretty nice place, after all. But say. I don't give up to it that we'll have to stay here all our lives. We'll surely find some way to get over those cliffs, even if another earthquake don't help us out."

"Don't believe it!" groaned Mr. Hugg with the pessimism of rheumatism, and frowned at the forbidding wall across the lake. "Dynamite would possibly do it, but we haven't any. That rock's too hard to tunnel with any tools we have or can make, and too smooth and steep to be climbed. We'll just have to stay here until we die."

"Nonsense!" retorted Mr. Doty. "See here; just to show you that I don't give up I'll agree to go right back where we were—give credit again, keep boarders and do all the work. To prove that I mean business I'll trade houses with you right now and take your note for five hundred dollars to boot."

Mr. Hugg studied him long and earnestly.

"What's your scheme?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing," said Mr. Doty innocently. "My house is for sale, that's all. If you want to talk business, let me know."

He moved away. Mrs. Hugg came out to join her husband, and the latter explained matters in some perplexity.

"I heard him," she briefly replied, and watched the retreating figure of Mr. Doty with knitted brows. Instead of turning in at his own palatial log residence, he went straight on toward the Vanstarvesynts'. Mrs. Hugg felt her own leopard spots breaking out afresh, all over her. "I knew it!" she exclaimed. "He's going over to the Vanstarvesynts with that offer. I wouldn't have that woman move into the big Doty house for the world. John, call him back!"

Mr. Hugg very promptly and willingly lifted up his voice. He also had a few spots. The plutocrat wheeled and came back without the loss of a step or a moment's hesitation. He had begun to walk quite slowly, in fact, in order to give them plenty of opportunity to call him.

"I'll take your offer," said Mr. Hugg.

"I thought you ought to," said Mr. Doty. "It's a bargain. While you're at it you might as well make out another note to cover what you already owe me. I'll go look up the amount and make out the bill."

He went home to do it, but, before he went in, he walked around back of the house to where Gertrude Vanstarvesynt was cleaning some fish.

"I've just been thinking it over, Miss Vanstarvesynt," he announced, "and it's a shame for a girl raised as you've been to be doing our kitchen-work."

Gertrude laughed easily and brushed the hair from her forehead with the back of her hand.

"Why, I've been enjoying it," she said. "Grace and I have been having just a splendid time doing the work."

"Yes, I know," replied the plutocrat; "but it don't look right, and I can't let you do it any more. We're going to move into a smaller house and go back to keeping table-boarders, anyhow. You might tell your father and mother that we'd be glad to have your family board with us again. Anybody's credit is good."

He left her and stalked into the house. She gazed after him in amazement and ran over home. She thought her parents might like to hear the news.

"Martha," said Mr. Doty, walking in to where his wife sat in solitary state, "I wish you'd take off that silk dress and go out to take hold of the dinner. I've sent the cook home."

"You've what?" gasped his wife, half-raising her lorgnette to look at him and then dropping it with the remembrance that she could not see through the thing.

"I've sent Miss Vanstarvesynt home to ask her folks to board with us."

"But, William!" expostulated Mrs. Doty, "how will it look for the society leader of the Cove to keep boarders?"

"She won't," he assured her. "Mrs. Vanstarvesynt wouldn't think of such a thing, and she's the society leader of this place as near as I can make out. And another thing: I've sold this house to the Huggs, and they'll most likely want to move in right after dinner."

His wife sat down and studied him well, from the twitch at the corners of his lips to the shrewd lines at the corners of his eyes. For twenty-five years she had studied this diagram of his thoughts, and presently she smiled.

"Oh, well, I'd just as lief," she said with sublime philosophy. "I'm tired of being a society leader, anyhow. It ain't near what women think it is that's never tried it." And she retired to remove her silk dress. When she returned from her dressing she found that her husband had changed his white vest outfit for his most strenuous working-suit.

"If you don't know anything you can't tell it or even hint it, can you?" he said, and patted her cheek.

In the mean time, Gertrude Vanstarvesynt had been the bearer of the welcome tidings at home.

"Chalmers, do you hear?" observed her mother, the Vanstarvesynt leopard spots springing instantly to the surface. "The Dotys have finally realized the class into which they were properly born, and that Providence appointed them as servers and tradespeople. Very commendable of them, I'm sure, to step back voluntarily into their proper station. Kindly make arrangements, this time, to have our meals served here at the house, and let us avoid the complications that have heretofore proved so annoying. Gertrude, it is my wish that you remain here and make a suitable toilette. We have fallen into shockingly careless habits here of late."

"Exactly," agreed her husband, and, to be consistent, he smartened up his own appearance quite a bit before going over to see Mr. Doty about exclusive table-service. He returned with the report that Mr. Doty had been almost presumptuously affable. Mr. Vanstarvesynt had signed a note to cover their past indebtedness and had ordered meals served with some approach to formality. The Huggs had bought the Doty house. He reserved this bit of news for the last.

"How like the ostentation of those Huggs!" sighed his wife. She had been looking about ten years younger in one of the quietly elegant Vanstarvesynt toilettes for which she had always been notable, but now she aged about a year of it in thinking of the Hugg forwardness.

"Chalmers," she directed, "you will please to have Mr. Doty come over to see me at once. We must put an immediate stop to the absurd pretenses of these Hugg persons."

"Exactly," agreed Mr. Vanstarvesynt, and departed with alacrity, realizing the

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able generalship of his wife and remembering the outwardly calm, but inwardly intense, battles she had won in support of the family dignity and prestige.

"Mr. Doty," said Mrs. Vanstarvesynt when that gentleman appeared before her, "we want you to build us a house. We do not care to have it in the least ostentatious, but we want it more commodious and better in every way—higher, broader, deeper, more convenient and more ornate—than the one you have—than any that you have so far built. We are sadly in need of the additional accommodations. Furthermore, we must have it understood, as a part of the bargain, that you are never to build another one so large or so good, for yourself or any one else. It would not be at all dignified for us to engage in what might seem to become a mere scramble for display."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Doty. "It will cost you a thousand dollars the day you move in."

"Payable by note-of-hand?" interposed Mr. Vanstarvesynt.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Vanstarvesynt, and the deal was made.

Gertrude, while this plan was under way, had hurried back to the Doty estate, where the hands were laying out a future small grist-mill by the side of the brook, it having been a part of Mr. Doty's benevolently plutocratic plan to monopolize every industry right in the start.

"All the hands are discharged," Gertrude announced in glee. "I got my walking-papers without even a recommendation. Mr. Doty has sold his house to Mr. Hugg, and is to build a superior mansion for the Vanstarvesynts. Mrs. Doty is going to take us all to board again. Our credit anybody's credit is good for thousands."

"Has the cook been drinking?" gravely asked Mr. Cleve of Miss Doty, but she did not answer him. She was gazing at Gertrude in half-frightened bewilderment.

"I am not to recognize the person who just interrupted," Gertrude rattled on. "There has been another social upheaval in Pike's Cove. I don't just understand it, but we are all where we started in, only more so. Not even the Dotys are to recognize Mr. Cleve. The Huggs are not to recognize the Dotys. We Vanstarvesynts are not to recognize anybody. Come on and let's all go berry-hunting."

"But I say," blurted Mr. Cleve. "I'd rather have it the way it has been. While you were the cook and I was the farm-hand, you know——"

"Oh, I don't see so much difference, after all," she reassured him. "We've got to band together for protection against the social craziness that sweeps down over this place. I move that we declare the new status ineffective for people under forty. We younger ones will just take things into our own hands and organize a set of our own. We can calmly ignore anything the older set say to us, and let them all go crazy if they like. Come on and go berry-hunting."

"Show us the berries," demanded Steven, having had time to readjust himself and raised Grace to her feet, while Mr. Cleve and the emancipated cook went on ahead. Grace was looking perplexed, and he laughed at her.

"Trying to figure out which one of us should stand in awe of the other's present superiority?" he bantered, and Grace was compelled to laugh with him. The thing was really too intricate to follow, and she was rather glad of it.

On the way out of the field they stopped to tell the strange news to the Romance, where It sat under Its favorite shade-tree. It looked up blankly for a moment.

"Is that so?" Ida gently queried after a while. "It's beautiful weather, isn't it?"

Mr. Swain had released his hand to run his fingers through his hair in an effort at comprehension, but now he put the hand back where it belonged.

XVIII

RELUCTANTLY Mr. Doty prepared to garner home the last of his harvest. He worked like a Trojan to get the Vanstarvesynt house done before any one should stumble on the gateway to the world. He positively forbade Jimmy to go up along the cliff. It was dangerous up there. Jimmy wanted to ask his father if he had seen one of the Spanish pirates, but he thought he had better not. It did not seem to be a popular subject. Mr. Doty said something about a large mountain lion, and let that report filter through the camp. The first result of this was to inspire every male human being with a mad desire to kill it, but Mr. Doty positively refused to loan his rifle, or to part with it on any terms whatever. It was the first time he had refused to sell or rent anything in his possession. Naturally nobody bothered the cliffs

What was left of the General Store was brought out, and the price of lifters was put down to fifty cents. Grace was put in charge, and Steven Hugg became a permanent customer again. The remaining lid-lifters were all transferred to his account during the first two days, and then he began on the egg-beaters and dumb watches as being the next cheapest articles.

The Pacific and Golden Gate Quicksilver Company was rounded up. Mr. Doty took a sudden active interest in the concern and had everybody obligated in writing to their share. He had Mr. Cleve and Mr. Hugg draw up the necessary agreements, and when all the papers were signed and ready to file, he took charge of them. Moreover, he had a meeting called, all necessary organization business put under way and officers elected. He emerged from that meeting as President, and, busy as he was with the Vanstarvesynt mansion, took the rest of the day off to wear his white vest. He was plump enough to fill a white vest broadly, and he looked down upon it with a swelling pride. President! It did sound so good—President! President!

It was at the following noontime that the blow fell upon him, following honor with disaster. The Vanstarvesynts were having luncheon upon their veranda. The rest of the colony was sitting down to dinner upon the Doty porch. Suddenly a shot was heard from back in the forest, and Mr. Doty turned pale as he recognized the report of his own rifle and realized that the two boys were the only persons absent from the two tables. The boys were shortly afterward heard yelling back in the fields, and the two porches were instantly deserted. It was not a false alarm this time, for back across the valley the boys came tearing for camp with all their might, and close behind them came a swarthy man with a long knife in his hand. He was in his bare feet, and he wore a shamefully tattered blouse and trousers. His long, dank locks streamed out behind him, and, as he came nearer, they could hear him swearing at every jump. It was a close race. Jimmy and Master Belmont were neck and neck, and the swarthy man, just behind them, ran with an extremely awkward limp that kept his speed down with about the proper handicap. It was probably due to this fact that the boys got into camp about four feet ahead of the knife.

Mr. G. Russell Cleve met the swarthy man full weight, breast to breast and hand on knife-wrist, rolling over with him into the brook, and there Steven Hugg pinioned the man's arms behind him, hobbled his legs and set him down upon the bank to dry.

"I'd ort o' knowed they was some o' th' Pargis kin amongst you-all," said the man. "I'd ort to tooken no chanst, but picked ever' las' one o' ye off days ago. I've had a power o' chansts."

Mr. Doty picked up a nice, flat board.

"Jimmy, explain yourself," he commanded.

"Well," confessed Jimmy—his gaze shifting from Master Belmont to the swarthy man and then to the others in turn, coming back speculatively to the board now and then—"you wouldn't b'lieve Bel an' me saw a pirut, an' so we been a-gunnin' fer it an' th' mountain lion every time we could sneak out th' gun. We thought if we'd shoot th' pirut an' bring 'is scalp home, why you'd b'lieve us then—betcher life. So I got th' gun an' give Bel th' butcher-knife this mornin' an' we found th' pirut an' took a shot at 'im an' missed 'im, an' he chased us—an' that's all."

"You see?" said Mr. Doty, addressing the Spanish pirate.

The swarthy man nodded his head slowly, convinced beyond all reasonable doubt that these were no Pargises and that the shot was not feud-prompted.

"Jes' bein' a accident that-a-way, I reckon how it's all right," he charitably admitted. "They's no hard feelin's at all, muster. 'T th' same time, ef I had a boy that couldn't handle a gun no better'n that, I'd everlastin'ly peel th' hide off'n 'im with a hickory gad. Looky thar!"

He held up his right foot for inspection. The big toe had been shot off!

"Gee!" exclaimed Jimmy in joyous wonder. "Did I do that?"

Whack! The nice, flat board descended upon the spot Nature had provided for that purpose, and the eyes of Bloody Jud Harcum glistened. The apology was ample.

"It's powerful good to see a young un git a lickin' U-nited States style, agin," he commented. "Ef that brat had a-knowed how to handle a gun like he'd ort, this here mought 'a' been my las' erran'. I jes' come over t' tell you-all that——"

He caught the appealing eye of Mr. Doty fixed upon him. Years of moonshining in Kentucky had taught him the full meaning of a glance.

"——that a lot o' them Greasers had foun' a tunnel th' 'quake made in th' clift, an' they-all made up their munds to come over into you-all's place mebby to-morry. Them Greasers—they-all air a powerful dirty set—does ever'thing 'to-morry,' but I reckoned they mought, mebby, git over yere an' disturb you-all sometime."

He glanced triumphantly at Mr. Doty. Mr. Hugg was also viewing the plutocrat with speculative shrewdness, and his eyes twinkled with amusement.

The diners and even the luncheers suddenly lost their appetites. A tunnel through the cliff! Where was it? Quickly! All aquiver with expectancy, the Pike's Cove colony, headed by the dancing pirate-hunters and the now friendly pirate, thronged for a glimpse of the World!

Well, it was all over! The harvest was done and the sheaves were garnered home, though a few of the crops would have to be left out in the rain to spoil. Mr. Doty had to go along with the others and seem surprised. They all walked through the fissure and looked long and gratefully at the edge of the world which they had thought lost to them forever. It was a deliciously dark tunnel and a most inviting place to strike a match. On the way back through it two matches were struck. One of them leaped into flame in this way:

"And so this is to be our last day in Pike's Cove," said Steven Hugg. "Do you know, I rather hate to leave the place, after all? We've had a splendid time here, everything considered."

"We have indeed," agreed Grace. "All things that have a beginning must have an ending, however"

Something of the regret in her tone struck him, and he turned to her swiftly as if to read her face, though the tunnel had grown so dim that he could barely make out her profile.

"Look here," he commanded. "We're not going to have any more of this nonsense. We're going to get married as soon as we can get back to civilization, and that settles it."

"Haven't I anything whatever to say in the matter?" demanded Grace.

"Not a word," he promptly assured her.

It is not necessary to describe in detail what happened next. It will be in much better taste to listen for a moment to Mr. G. Russell Cleve.

"I never told you about my grandfather," he remarked. "He was General Ulysses Cleve. Perhaps you have heard of him."

"Indeed I have! Mother will be delighted to hear of it. She is always talking of the good old Royalist Cleves, one of whom tried to kill General George Washington. But why didn't you mention it before?"

"I used to," he replied, "but I couldn't see where the fame of my grandfather as a pink-tea officer was getting me anything, so I cut him out as an asset. How do you like the name of Cleve, anyhow?"

"Well, it's nice and short and handy," she admitted. "I rather admire it, in fact."

"Then, since it suits, I'll give it to you," he magnanimously offered.

"Thank you," she said and here again the details of the succeeding incidents are altogether unnecessary. It is sufficient to say that when the two couples neared the Pike's Cove end of the tunnel they, too, had become mere Romances.

Mr. Doty lagged behind at the outer end of the tunnel long enough to slip a bill into the hand of the Spanish pirate.

"Don't let on you ever saw me before," he whispered. "Tell your family not to say anything. I think we'll hire you to live in the Cove until some of us come back. And come over to-night. We're going to barbecue a cow. I haven't had a bite of steak or roast beef for three hundred years."

(THE END)

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MODERN BUSINESS PRACTICE

(Concluded from Page 4)

three classes, so that only one-third of the total number of directors are elected each year. Thus if a person bought the entire capital stock it would take him two years to get a majority of the board and so to come into actual control.

Probably the typical cases here cited are sufficient for the purpose of illustrating the constant policy of giving no voice in the management of the corporation to the great body of persons who actually furnish the capital; to vest managerial discretion in the hands of a few men, "the captains of industry," who by their unique position are able to overlook the whole business field and so intelligently to direct that larger strategy which plays a more and more important part in the success of a concern the bigger it gets and the more closely the business units are coördinated. In fact, very often the "captain," or great business strategist, is given a large share in controlling the policy of the corporation with but a small investment of his own capital in it. Other stockholders will follow his lead; still others—who hold the shares only speculatively, or who feel their helplessness to form a really intelligent opinion of the proposed policy—will not vote at all.

For example, in 1902, the "captains" decided that the United States Steel Corporation should issue $250,000,000 second lien bonds, of which $200,000,000 should be exchanged for a like amount of the preferred stock of the corporation and the remainder sold for cash. The corporation made a contract with a syndicate, headed by J. P. Morgan & Co., agreeing to pay the syndicate a commission of $10,000,000 for taking the bonds and managing the stock conversion. Some minority stockholders objected and even took the matter into court. When the proposition was adopted by the stockholders, out of eleven million shares outstanding only 7,716,828 voted at all, and of these all but 12,540 voted in the affirmative. The assenting shares were owned by 14,176 persons. J. P. Morgan personally and J. P. Morgan & Co. held only 22,451 shares. But a group of English and Dutch financial houses held over 600,000 shares. They had presumably been influenced to purchase them by Morgan & Co., and, generally speaking, would follow that house's lead. A clerk in the office of John D. Rockefeller held 149,340 shares; Frick and Phipps—Carnegie's old partners—held 346,901 shares. A half-dozen big Wall Street brokerage houses held, among them, 503,264 shares—a good deal of it, no doubt, being stock that their customers were carrying on margins.

It is hardly remarkable then that, to the great business strategists who actually control most of our large corporations, the ordinary stockholder should seem a rather nebulous and more or less negligible factor. The "captain" knows, as a matter of fact, that in the case of most of the typical modern corporations the ordinary stockholder has actually no discretionary power over the management; in actual practice he can have no voice in the shaping of the company's policy.

To be sure, certain polite forms, agreeable to the legal fiction, are kept up. The stockholder is invited to attend the annual meeting—although, in fact, he almost never does, the annual meeting of stockholders usually consisting of half a dozen clerks and a large bundle of proxies. And when the president or chairman of the board, whom the captains have picked out for the office, comes to make the annual report to the stockholders he courteously calls the concern "your company." In spite of the legal fiction, however, and those polite but archaic forms, the ordinary stockholder is merely a creditor with an indefinite claim.

The strategy of the captain is often—perhaps nearly always—sound in itself; but it need not, and in fact very frequently does not, coincide with the interests of those stockholders who are not captains, and therefore are not engaged in the strategy. We may leave aside, at present, the plain case that it is not to the interest of the stockholders of a railroad that its subordinate officers should be taking graft in the form of stocks of coal companies, to whom in return they give away railroad favors. The Standard Oil rebates and the whole dishonest, grafting system of freight discriminations were not really to the interests of the body of railroad stockholders, but directly against their interests. Those great stock-market campaigns and manipulations which figure prominently in the strategy of the captains are not, finally, in the interests of the actual ownership of the corporations which the captains control.

But—and here, perhaps, is the crux of the matter—the typical modern corporation can scarcely be said to have an ownership. Nobody owns it. It has a great body of creditors who supply it with capital in one form or another, and it has a small band of superior business strategists who control its policy, not in the interests of itself alone by any means, but rather as simply one factor in the immense scheme of business with which they are concerned. And the typical modern stockholder accepts this situation to the full. He actually values his particular "captain" for his ability and willingness to manipulate the stock of the company on the Exchange—to "make a market," as he calls it, so that he can sell out at any time.

Perhaps you could not reasonably expect a captain to retain a very extensive or delicate sense of responsibility to stockholders whose first demand is simply an opportunity to sell out profitably. Moore Brothers' latest industrial venture, the American Can Company, turned out very badly for a time—after a flourishing start. The concern took over above a hundred plants, and issued $82,000,000 of capital stock. No dividends were paid on the preferred, and the shares declined until the preferred reached twenty-five and the common three. Out of the hundred-odd plants some seventy were so poorly equipped or disadvantageously situated that they were abandoned. It was said the whole tangible property beneath the eighty-two millions capitalization amounted to only thirteen millions. Quite naturally there was considerable criticism of the promoters; but their friends were ready with a clinching argument. They pointed out that for some time the shares commanded a price in the market that was well above the subscription price; "everybody that went in originally had his chance to sell out at a profit; if he didn't take the chance it was his own lookout."

In the strictly modern point of view this answer was conclusive. The captains had discharged their prime responsibility to those whom they induced to become stockholders by giving them an opportunity to sell out at a profit.

It is the tritest commonplace that the royal road to great wealth nowadays is not found in actual industrial processes, but in manipulation of the corporations through which industry is directed. The Standard Oil Company itself, with all its forty per cent. dividends, accounts for a mere tithe of the wealth of the small group of men that dominate it. The Stock Exchange is, of course, the most constant arena for this manipulation. To those who have old-fashioned ethical notions, one of the biggest and worst grafts in the modern system appears to consist of participation in Stock Exchange campaigns by the men who, theoretically, as trustees for the stockholders, control the concern whose stock forms the subject of the campaign.

The immense facility with which ownership is vended nowadays, through the stock market, not only creates the temptation to graft, but it plays a large part in upsetting the old notion of a permanent, responsible ownership. Perhaps a little examination of the manner in which a modern corporation is created will give a clearer view of the position of the ordinary stockholder.

Muggles' Supreme Moment

(Concluded from Page 6)

Horatius would have chosen to fight their way to glory, but there was no time to change them.

With a whoop to Bender, who had really begun to believe in him, and a commanding order to Jackson, the three stripped the costly Turkish rugs from the lounges, and blankets from the beds, and, following his lead, dashed through the woods to the relief of the endangered pile of lumber. On the way they passed a gang of Habitans, carrying buckets. It was but the work of a moment to arrange these into a posse of relays with Bender on the lake end of the line and Jackson next the pile, the gang passing the buckets from hand to hand.

This done Muggles snatched a ladder from an adjacent building, threw it against the endangered lumber, skipped up its rungs like a squirrel and stood in silhouette against the flaring blaze, his dove-gray flannels flapping about his thin legs, his attenuated arms gyrating orders to the relief party, who had spread the rugs and blankets on the fire-endangered side of the pile of lumber and who were now soaking them with water under Muggles' direction. Now and then, as some part of the burning mass would collapse, a shower of sparks and smoke would obscure Muggles; then he could be seen brushing the live coals from his pajamas, darting here and there, shouting: "More water! More water! Here, on this end! All together now!" fighting his way with hand raised to keep the heat from blistering his face, a very Casabianca on the burning deck.

Soon the tongues of flame mounting skyward grew less in number; columns of black smoke took the place of the shower of sparks; the light flickering on the frightened tree-trunks began to pale; from the rugs and blankets the hot steam no longer rose in clouds. The crisis had passed! The pile was saved! Muggles had won!

During all this time neither Monteith nor his big lumber-boss had put in an appearance; nor had Podvine nor little Billy Salters lent a hand. Bender had stuck to his post and so had Jackson, oblivious of the whereabouts of any other member of the coterie except Muggles, whose clothespin of a figure came into relief now and then against the flare of the flames. Then Bender made his way back to the bungalow. Muggles, with blistered face and pajamas burnt into holes, was the last man to leave the deck. Backing slowly down the ladder one rung at a time he examined the surrounding lumber; saw that all his orders had been carried out, gave some parting instructions to the men to watch out for sparks, especially those around the edge of the saved pile, and then slowly, and with great dignity, made his way to the bungalow—his destiny fulfilled, his honor maintained and his position assured among his fellows. He had now only to await the plaudits of his comrades!

As he pushed open the door and looked in the color rose in his cheeks—a kind of hotness that came from inside his pajamas. Grouped about the low table, heaped with specimens of cut glass, a squatty bottle, a siphon and a bowl of cracked ice, sat the other members of the coterie—Bender among them—Monteith in the easy chair at their head. If any other occupation had engrossed their attention since the alarm sounded there was no evidence of it.

"Lo, the Conquering Hero," broke out Podvine.

Muggles, for a moment, did not reply. The shock had taken his breath away. He supposed every man had worked himself into exhaustion. The only thing that had really dimmed his own triumph was the fear that on reaching the bungalow he might find the blackened remains of one of his comrades stretched out on the floor.

"Didn't you fellows try to save anything?" he exploded.

"Wasn't anything to save—mill was in no danger."

"Why, the whole place would have gone if I hadn't——"

"You're quite right, Muggles," said Monteith. "Let up on him, boys. You worked like a beaver, old man. Sorry about the rugs—one was an old Bokhara—but that's all right—of course you didn't stop to think."

"Well, but, Monteith—what's a rug or two when you have to save a pile of—— What's the lumber worth, anyhow?"

"Oh, well, never mind—let it go, old man."

Bender, who was still soaking wet from splashing buckets, sprang to his feet.

"I'll tell you—I've just found out. As the pile now stands it's worth four thousand dollars. If it had burned up it would have been worth six. It's insured, you goat!"

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The Quest of the Colonial

(Concluded from Page 11)

of Empire design, a Lowestoft cream-jug, rush-bottomed chairs of very graceful pattern, and very fine andirons.

On the farther edge of the village is a house in which are two sideboards, one Sheraton and one Empire, an Empire cheval glass, a diamond-paned secretary, andirons, tip-tables, two chests of drawers, and eight old decanters of cut glass!

Near by is a house with a brass knocker, and a French bed that has roll ends. Then a house in which is a great four-post Empire bed, a set of Sheffield-plate silver in fascinating shapes, and an Empire clock.

And in the immediate vicinity of the village there is a house in which is a beautiful specimen of the five-slat chair, a Continental mirror, old andirons and candlesticks; and another house wherein are an Empire table, with pillars elaborately ornamented, a swell-front cabinet, and a tea-table.

Confident though we were, from past experiences, that we should find many a specimen of the old, the total of the enumeration amazed us. It is putting it moderately to say that in that one little village there is enough to stock a museum. And there is many another village with treasure equal or superior.

It is not only the big but the little, not only the piece of fine furniture but the piece of what may be called kitchen furniture, which one may unexpectedly find.

On a Westchester road, at a long distance from any other house, we once came across one of those pathetic marks of where a habitation had been—a line of stone foundation and a few scattered bricks. Fire had utterly destroyed the house; no attempt had been made to rebuild; the ruins had been overhauled with care, and then vines had grown clusteringly over the burnt stone and brick.

There, unearthed by some chance, by the sliding of some pile of ashes, lay a huge iron gipsy kettle with three legs. Picturesque in shape it was, and of unusual size. There was nobody of whom to buy it, it was as deserted and lost as if it were in mid-ocean, and so it went along with us. It was red with rust, but a coat of dead black transformed it into a most satisfactory wood-box, to stand beside one of our fireplaces in which the andirons are of iron—the wood-box in the adjoining room, where the fireplace fittings are of brass, being a large brass kettle, even larger than the iron one just described, which a farmer's wife gladly disposed of to us in exchange for a preserving kettle of modern make purchased for her at the village store. For there are many who are quite ready to give the ancient in exchange for articles of modern style.

In one particular, the vicinity of New York, especially here and there on Long Island, and a little in the Hudson River region and in near-by parts of Westchester County, is different from the rest of the United States in that it shows more of the Dutch influence. And this means not only Dutch ideas and peculiarities, as the Dutch paneled armoires and heavy cupboards and the blue tiles, with Scripture subjects about fireplaces, and similar things to go with the old Dutch "stoops," but the influence of the Orient; for the Dutch, great traders that they were, brought home with them from the East, along with the spices and silks for which they more specifically sailed, specimens of ebony furniture, of teakwood, of sandalwood, of wicker, and the grotesque designs of the Chinese.

The quest of old-time furniture leads one into many a strange and interesting place. But never was there a more picturesque experience encountered by furniture-lovers than befell us in the hilly region north of New York City.

At the foot of a long, steep road, a road at whose summit had taken place one of the noted tragedies of the Revolution, stood an old broad-fronted house. It was on the verge of becoming decrepit. One end had noticeably sagged, and there was a tottering noddingness about the entire structure. On the door was a fine old brass eagle knocker, and, wishing to make some inquiry about the roads, it was gently touched—gently, because of the peacefulness of the ancient house and of the environing hills, glorified by a sun-bright haze.

And as the knock at the door of an ancient castle might be expected to draw forth an armored custodian, so this knock summoned a fitting warder.

An old, old man, stepping out of the dim past into that old doorway, appeared there. He was straight and slender and tall. His hair was iron-gray and his black tie was worn like an old-time stock. His tail-coat hung in full folds about his shrunken form. A distinguished-looking man he was, and he gave the wished-for information in a soft and gentle voice, and with the manner of old-fashioned courtesy.

Asked if his house were a house of history: "Not exactly," he replied; "and yet, many a man of history, many an officer, has eaten or slept here. This was an inn long before the Revolution and during that war, and this road was one of the principal highways between New York and Connecticut. But won't you come in, both of you?" his glance taking in the waiting figure in the carriage.

We entered the hall: a hall of considerable dignity. An old-fashioned lantern hung from the centre, and a stairway swept upward with low and easy steps. Political woodcuts of the past were lined along the side of the hall, and an ancient clock ticked steadily as it had ticked there for decades.

In every room was some treasure. But, best of all, in a broad, low room directly off the hall, there was a carved mantel of wood, there was a rarely beautiful Heppelwhite chair with characteristic shield-back of fine mahogany. This chair, light structurally, was very heavy when lifted, showing the density of West Indian mahogany. There was a Sheraton side-table with wings and reeded legs, there were bits of china in a cupboard in the chimney-corner, which he lovingly took up and told about, and there was a Chippendale table, than which we have never seen one more beautiful, with cabriole legs, and claw-and-ball feet, and elaborate workmanship in every detail; the edges were carved and the sides were carved and the bends of the cabriole legs were carved.

He fondled the old things caressingly, and spoke gently of the past. "I am ninety-three years old," he said quietly.

In a corner beyond the marvelous table stood an old octagonal mahogany music-stand, and on the table lay a flute. We knew at once that it could be only his. And could any musical instrument be more fitting!

His eyes lingered lovingly upon it. At a hint that it would be a pleasure to hear him, he took it up. Then his blue eyes grew brighter, his face lighted up anew, and he played old tunes, ballads of the long ago, with a soft shrilling of the notes, almost as if a ghost were playing in a dream.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of papers of instruction and advice by Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton, written out of their own experience in the quest of old-time furniture.

Famine Food

LOVERS of Boston brown bread are not generally aware of the fact that it was regarded in earlier days as a famine food. It was invented by Major Nathaniel Thwing, of Boston, in July, 1746.

At that period there was a great scarcity of the cereals. All sorts of provisions, but especially breadstuffs, were high. Wheat cost twenty shillings a bushel, and white bread came at two cents an ounce, the sixteen-ounce "household loaf," which was of a coarse kind, selling for twelve cents.

Thwing was a baker by trade. When he asked permission of the selectmen of Boston to make and sell brown bread of a certain specified composition, containing a stated proportion of cornmeal, the suggestion was kindly received; and, breadstuffs showing a tendency to mount considerably higher than the figures already mentioned, he proceeded to manufacture the article on a considerable scale, retaining a monopoly of the business for many years.

It was not until Parliament came to the rescue of the Colonists that breadstuffs fell in price, and even brown bread, though a famine food, was at first more expensive than it is to-day; but finally it dropped to eight cents for a loaf weighing about three pounds, and thus became an article available for the every-day diet of people of the most moderate means—though Bostonians to-day regard brown bread as a sort of Sunday bread most particularly, eating it every Sabbath with baked beans.

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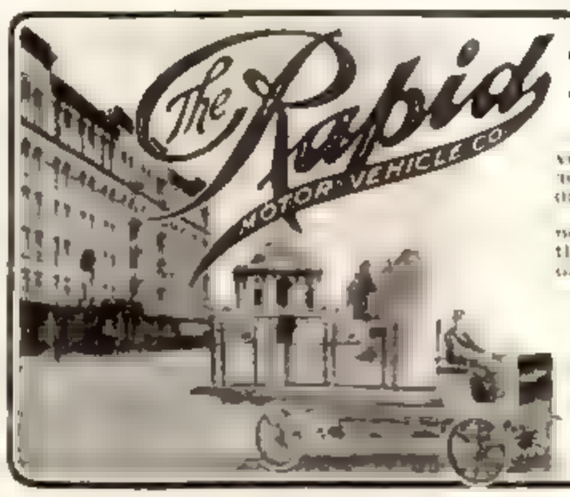

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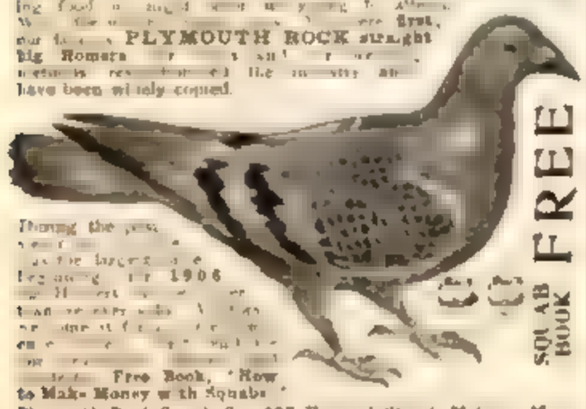

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THE FIGHTING CHANCE

(Continued from Page 13)

so well meet with amusement or surprise, or at times with a fascinating audacity of her own, wholly charming because of its setting.

Once, in their history, during her early married life, Siward had been very sentimental about her; but neither he nor she had approached the danger-line closer than to make daring eyes at one another across the frontiers of good taste. And their youthful enchantment had faded so naturally, so pleasantly, that always there had remained to them both an agreeable aftertaste—a sort of gay understanding which almost invariably led to mutual banter when they encountered. But now something appeared to be lacking in their rather listless badinage—something of the usual flavor which once had salted even a laughing silence with significance. Siward, too, had ceased to be amused at the spectacle of Plank's calflike infatuation; and Leila Mortimer's bored smile had lasted so long that her olive-pink cheeks were stiff, and she relaxed her fixed features with a little shrug that was also something of a shiver. Then, looking prudently around, she encountered Siward's eyes; and during a moment's hesitation they considered one another with an increasing curiosity that slowly became tentative intelligence. And her eyes said very plainly and wickedly to Siward's: "Oho, my friend! So it bores you to see Mr. Plank monopolizing an engaged girl who belongs to Howard Quarrier!"

And his eyes, wincing, denying, pretending ignorance too late, suddenly narrowed in vexed retaliation: "Speak for yourself, my lady! You're no more pleased than I am!"

The next moment they both regretted the pale flash of telepathy. There had been something wounded in his eyes; and she had not meant that. No; a new charity for the hapless had softened her wonderfully within a fortnight's time, and a self-pity, not entirely ignoble, had subdued the brilliancy of her dark eyes, and made her tongue more gentle in dealing with all failings. Besides, she was not yet perfectly certain what ailed her, never having really cared for any one man before. No, she was not at all certain. . . . But in the meanwhile she was very sorry for herself, and for all those who drained the bitter cup that might yet pass from her shrinking lips. Who knows! "Stephen," she said under her breath, "I didn't mean to hurt you. . . . Don't scowl. Listen. I have already entirely forgotten the nature of my offense. *Pax*, if you please."

He refused to understand; and she understood that, too; and she gazed critically upon Sylvia Landis as a very young mother might inspect a rival infant with whom her matchless offspring was coquetting.

Then, without appearing to, she took Plank away from temptation; so skillfully that nobody except Siward understood that the young man had been incontinently removed. He, Plank, never doubting that he was a perfectly free agent, decided that the time had arrived for triumphant retirement. It had; but Leila Mortimer, not he, had rendered the decision, and so cleverly that it appeared even to Plank himself that he had dragged her off with him rather masterfully. Clearly he was becoming a terrible fellow!

Sylvia turned to Siward, glanced up at him, hesitated, and began to laugh consciously:

"What do you think of my latest sentimental acquisition?"

"He'd be an ornament to a stock farm," replied Siward, out of humor.

"How brutal you *can* be!" she mused, smiling.

"Nonsense! He's a plain bounder, isn't he?"

"I don't know. . . . Is he? He struck me a trifle appealingly—even pathetically; they usually do, that sort. . . . As though the trouble they took could ever be worth the time they lose! . . . There are dozens of men I know who are far less presentable than this highly-colored and robust young human being; and yet they are part of the accomplished scheme of things—like degenerate horses, you know—always pathetic to me; but they're still horses, for all that. *Quid*

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rides? Species of the same genus can cross, of course, but I had rather be a donkey than a mule. . . . And *if* I were a donkey I'd sing and cavort with my own kind, and let horses flourish their own heels inside the accomplished scheme of things. . . . Now *I* have been brutal. But—I'm easily colored by my environment."

She sat, smiling maliciously down at the water, smoothing out the soaked skirt of her swimming-suit, and swinging her legs reflectively.

"Are you reconciled?" she asked presently.

"To what?"

"To leaving Shotover. To-day is our last day, you know. To-morrow we all go; and next day these familiar walls will ring with other voices, my poor friend:

"'You rising moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter, rising, look for us
Through this same mansion—and for *one* in vain!

"That is I—the *one*, you know. *You* may be here again; but I—*I* shall not be I if I ever come to Shotover again."

Her stockinged heels beat the devil's tattoo against the marble sides of the pool. She reached up above her head, drawing down a flowering branch of Japanese orange, and caressed her delicate nose with the white blossoms, dreamily, then, mischievously: "I'm accustoming myself to this most significant perfume," she said, looking at him askance. And she deliberately hummed the wedding-march, watching the color rise in his sullen face.

"If you had the courage of a sparrow you'd make life worth something for us both," he said.

"I know it; I haven't; but I seem to possess the remainder of his lordship's traits—inconsequence, self-centred selfishness, the instinct for Fifth Avenue nest-building—all the feathered vices, all the unlovely personality and futility and uselessness of my prototype. . . . Only, as you observe, I lack the quality of courage."

"I don't know how much courage it requires to do what you're going to do," he said sulkily.

"Don't you? Sometimes when you wear a scowl like that, I think that it may require no more courage than I am capable of. . . . And sometimes . . . I don't know."

She crossed her knees, one slender ankle imprisoned in her hand, leaning forward thoughtfully above the water.

"Our last day," she mused; "for we shall never be just you and I again—never again, my friend, after we leave this rocky coast of Eden. . . . I shall have hints of you in the sea-wind and the sound of the sea; in the perfume of autumn woods, in the whisper of stirring leaves when the white birches put on their gold crowns next year." She smiled, turning to him, a little gravely: "When the Lesser Children return with April I shall not forget you, Mr. Siward, or forget your mercy of a day on them; or your comradeship, or your sweetness to me. . . . Or your charity for me, or all that you overlook so far in me—under the glamour of a spell that seems to hold you still, and that still holds me. . . . I can answer for my constancy so far, until one more spring and summer have come and gone—until one more autumn comes, and while it lasts—as long as any semblance of the setting remains which had once framed you; I can answer for my constancy as long as that. . . . Afterward, the snow!—symbol of our separation. . . . I am to be married a year from November first."

He looked up at her in dark surprise, for he had heard that their wedding date had been set for the coming winter.

"A year's engagement?" he repeated, unconvinced.

"It was my wish. I think that is sufficient for everybody concerned." Then, averting her face, which had suddenly lost a little of its color: "A year is little enough," she said impatiently. "I—what has happened to us requires an interval—a decent interval for its burial. . . . Death is respectable in any form. What dies between you and me can have no resurrection . . . under the snow. . . . So I bring to the burial my tribute—a year of life, a year of constancy, my friend; symbol of an eternity I could have given you had I been worth it." She looked up, flushed, the forced smile stamped on lips still trembling. "Sentiment in such a woman as I! 'A

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spectacle for gods and men,' you are saying—are you not? And perhaps sentiment with me is only an ancient instinct, a latent ancestral quality for which I, ages later, have no use." She was laughing easily. "No use for sentiment, as our bodies have no use for that fashionable little *cul-de-sac*, you know, though wise men say it once served its purpose, too. . . . Stephen Siward, *what* do you think of me now?"

"I am learning," he replied simply.

"What, if you please?"

"Learning a little about what I am losing."

"You mean—me?"

"Yes."

She bent forward impulsively, balancing her body on the pool's rim with both arms, dropping her knees until her ankles swung interlocked above the water. "Listen," she said in a low, distinct voice: "What you lose is no other man's gain! If I warm and expand in your presence—if I say clever things sometimes—if I am intelligent, sympathetic and amusing—it is because of *you*. You inspire it in me. Normally I am the sort of girl you first met at the station. I tell you that I don't know myself now—that I have not known myself since I knew you. Qualities of understanding, ability to appreciate, to express myself without employing the commonplaces, subtleties of intercourse—all, maybe, were latent in me, but sterile, until you came into my life. . . . And when you go, then, lacking impulse and incentive, the new facility, the new sensitive alertness, the unconscious self-confidence, all will smolder and die out in me. . . . I know it; I realize that it was due to you—part of me that I should never have known, of which I should have remained totally ignorant, had it not blossomed suddenly, stimulated by you alone."

Slowly the clouded seriousness of her blue eyes cleared, and the smile began to glimmer again. "That is your revenge; you recommit me to my commonplace self; you restore me to my tinsel career, practically a dolt. Shame on you, Stephen Siward, to treat a poor girl so! . . . But it's just as well. Blunted perceptions, according to our needs, you know; and so life is tempered for us all, else we might not endure it long. . . . A pleasantly morbid suggestion for a day like this, is it not? . . . Shall we take a farewell plunge, and dress? You know we say good-by to-morrow."

"Where do you go from here?"

"To Lenox—the Claymores have asked us for a week; after that, Hot Springs for another two weeks or so; after that, to Oyster Bay. . . . Mr. Quarrier opens his house on Sedge Point," she added demurely, "but I don't think he expects to invite you to 'The Sedges.'"

"How long do you stay there?" asked Siward irritably.

"Until we go to town in December."

"What will you find to do all that time in Oyster Bay?" he asked more irritably.

"What a premature question! The yacht is there. Besides, there's the usual neighborhood hunting, with the usual packs and inevitable set; the usual steeplechasing; the usual exchange of social amenities; the usual driving and riding; the usual, my poor friend, the usual, in all its uncompromising certainty. . . . And what are you to do?"

"When?"

"After you leave here."

"I don't know."

"You don't know where you are going?"

"I'm going to town."

"And then?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, but haven't you been asked somewhere? You have, of course."

"Yes, and I have declined."

"Matters of business," she inferred. "Too bad!"

"Oh, no."

"Then," she concluded, laughing, "you don't care to tell me where you are going."

"No," he said thoughtfully, "I don't care to tell you."

She laughed again carelessly, and, placing one hand on the tiled pavement, sprang lightly to her feet.

"A last plunge?" she asked, as he rose at her side.

"Yes, one last plunge together. Deep! Are you ready?"

She raised her white arms above her head, finger-tips joined, poised an instant on the brink, swaying forward; then, at his brief word, they flashed downward together, cutting the crystalline sea-water, shooting like great fish over the glass-tiled bed, shoulder to shoulder under the water; and, opening their eyes, they turned toward one another with a swift outstretch of hands, an uncontrollable touch of lips, the very shadow of contact; then cleaving upward, rising to the surface, to lie breathlessly floating, arms extended, and the sun filtering down through the ground-glass roof above.

"We are perfectly crazy," she breathed. "I'm quite mad; I see that. On land it's bad enough for us to misbehave; but submarine sentiment! We'll be growing scales presently. . . . Did you ever hear of a Southern bird—a sort of hawk, I think—that almost never alights; that lives and eats and sleeps its whole life away on the wing? Grace Ferrall pointed one out to me last winter, near Palm Beach—a slender bird, part black, part snowy white, with long, pointed, delicate wings like an enormous swallow; and all day, all night, it floats and soars and drifts in the upper air, never resting, never alighting except during its brief nesting season. . . . Think of the exquisite bliss of drifting one's life through in mid-air—to sleep, balanced on light wings, upborne by invisible currents flowing under the stars—to sail dreamily through the long sunshine, to float under the moon! . . . And at last, I suppose, when its time has come, down it whirls out of the sky, stone dead! . . . There is something thrilling in such a death—something magnificent. . . . And in the exquisitely spiritual honeymoon, vague as the shadow of a rainbow, is the very essence and aroma of that impalpable Paradise we women prophesy in dreams! . . . More sentiment! Heigho! My brother is the weeping crocodile, and the five winds are my wits. . . . Shall we dress? Even with a maid and the electric air-blast it will take time to dry my hair and dress it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Diplomacy that Pays

WHEN I started out to sell goods on the road it did not take me long to realize the importance of studying the very words I used as well as the necessity of never using a sentence which could in any way possibly offend either the intelligence or the sensibilities of the purchaser. The man who does the buying usually thinks he knows his business and its needs, and the salesman who says, "You ought to have this," is brazenly impertinent, and is building up a barrier between himself and the desired order which only the absolute merit of his proposition may overcome. The same thing can be said in a more effective way by proceeding in this manner:

"Mr. Smith, I have presented this proposition to a number of prominent firms in your line of business who have, wherever it fitted their needs, given me their order, and I thought possibly it might appeal to you." Then go on with what there is to say about the matter. In this way the listener's intelligence is not insulted, and favor is gained for the salesman by the delicate compliment.

An entire talk should be thus carefully constructed.

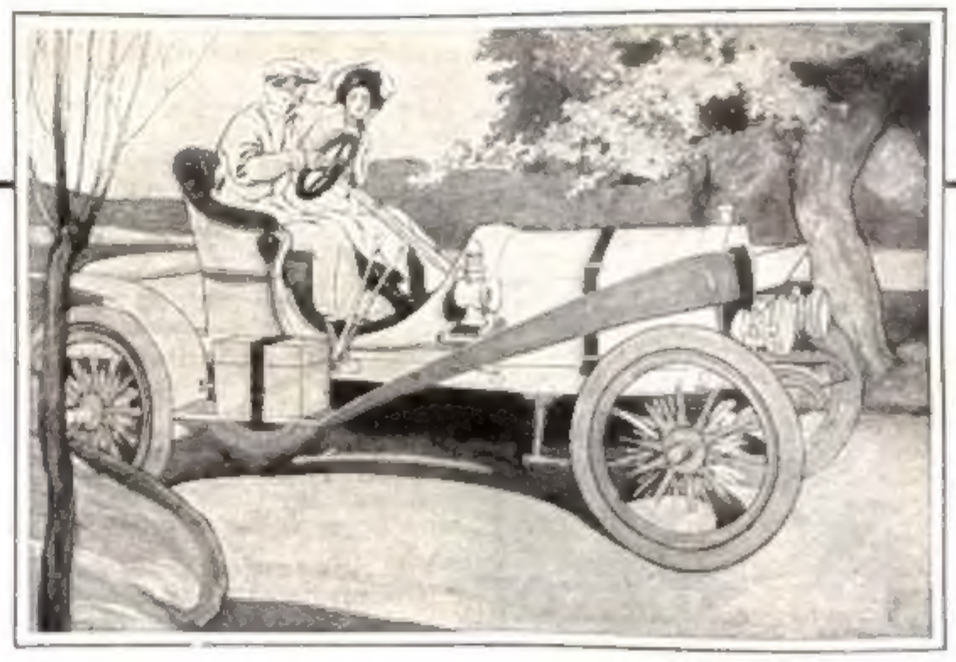
How a single unhappy word can spoil a sale is illustrated in an incident of my early experience. I was soliciting the owner of a small manufacturing concern who, a few years before, had been a shop-foreman and then superintendent of another company. He was not a cordial man, and, during a lull in what had been a halting interview (owing to my inexperience and his frigidity), I sought to get a little nearer my man by exhibiting a familiarity with former days. I said:

"I believe you used to work for the Blank Company, didn't you, Mr. B.?"

"No," he growled out. "I was one of the partners."

I had unfortunately hit on a sensitive point, yet had I asked him if he had not been "connected" with the company named I would have saved myself the humiliation of being immediately shut out and having to wait for more than a year before he would consent to talk with me again. In the time that intervened, however, I had assiduously eliminated all evidences which characterize the bombastic salesman with a loosely-constructed talk.

A large percentage of salesmen go on year after year without improving. I know, because I talk with many of them daily who blunderingly try to sell me goods in about the same crude fashion I employed when I was a tyro. —*C. H. DeL.*



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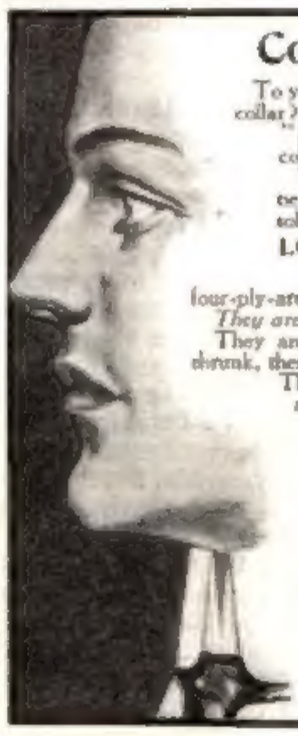

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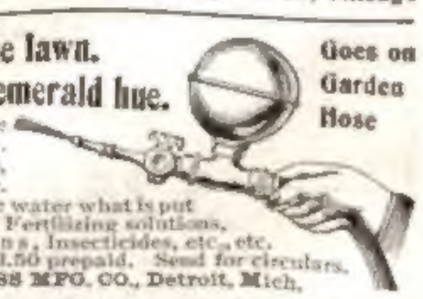

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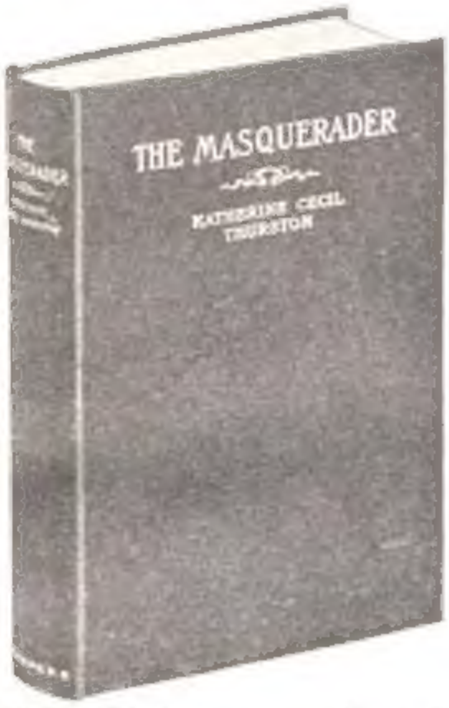

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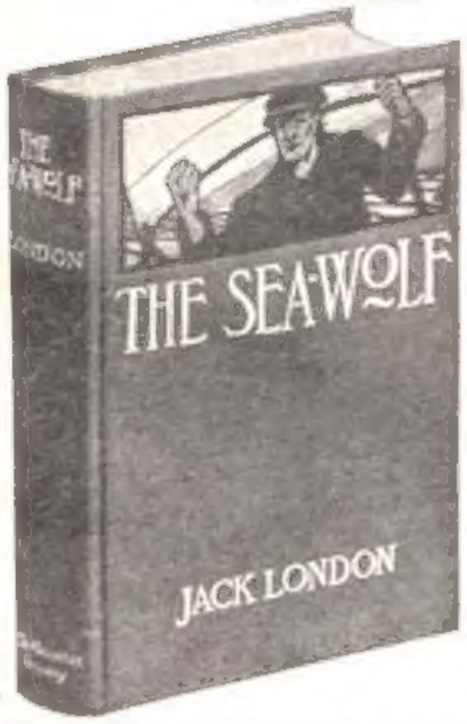

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